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JOURNAL
OF
RACHEL WILSON MOORE,

KEPT DURING A TOUR TO THE

WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA,
IN 1863-64.

WITH

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF HER HUSBAND;

TOGETHER WITH

HIS MEMOIR,

BY

GEORGE TRUMAN, M.D.

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JOURNAL
OF
RACHEL WILSON MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE—NASSAU.

HAVING been absent during the summer of 1863 for the purpose of improving impaired health of myself, when, on returning from the Catskill Mountains, instead of being benefited, fever, cough, and lassitude took hold of the system to that extent that we believed nothing short of going to a warmer climate, before the commencement of winter, would prove availing.

After making all necessary arrangements for the voyage, we took passage from the port of New York the fourth of twelfth mo., 1863, on board the

Corsica, Captain Lemesurier commander, at ten o'clock, on second day. Many of our friends accompanied us to the ship, remaining with us several hours, under feelings of great solemnity, anticipating sad forebodings as to my ever returning to my native land. We parted from each other prayerfully, desiring we might be permitted to meet again. The weather was now extremely cold, and, having no fire on board the ship, save in the furnace under the boilers, we endured much suffering from the cold; and, as I was ill, and very weak, shivering continued for many hours, notwithstanding the steward made applications of hot water by placing bottles and pitchers around me. My dear husband was under great concern and fear, lest we should not reach the island of Cuba without my enduring a severe illness, striving every way in his power to warm me, and alleviate my cough, which was now extreme. For myself, I thought it very doubtful whether I ever reached Havana; but we strove to put our confidence and trust in that God, who suffers "not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His providence."

While thus revolving in our minds the many sad events that were transpiring in our native

land, that we were leaving, filling our hearts with sorrow, we heard a great noise in a state-room opposite our door, amounting to a scuffle. We opened the door, and discovered several men in the state-room, with one or two police officers with them, denouncing them as spies and rebels; at the same time demanding papers which they had in their possession, relative to the affairs of our Government, which the men denied. Their persons and trunks were searched, but finding none, they were ordered to take off their boots, which one of them offered to do, provided one of the officers would promise to put them on, which the officers knew would be no easy task, and would not make the promise. One of those rebels then said to an officer, "Come, go with me; why should not you and I be friends?" when they all voluntarily went to the bar, and there drank themselves *good friends*. The officers left the ship, and the rebels returned to make themselves merry over their success, relating to a large number in the cabin, in our hearing, how they had wheedled the officers out of their plan, from taking them from the ship, or getting any of their papers, through the influence of liquor, as well as politeness; one of them saying, "There

is more contained in the version of the Irishman, in getting on with a bad job, than one would suppose, 'It is not so much in good looks as in winning ways,'” saying, “My winning ways have saved us to-day.”

The same evening, leaving our moorings opposite Jersey City, we set sail on our voyage, passing through the Narrows, where we beheld the great amount of shipping, which is to be seen at all times in the Bay of New York. At the hour of ten at night, we endeavored to compose ourselves to sleep, after solemnly commending our lives and our all to Him who rules the winds and the waves, and slept tolerably well. I still continued very sick with fever, cough, and oppression.

My dear husband went on deck in the morning, but finding it very cold, could not remain long. We now began to feel somewhat sea-sick, which continued most of the voyage.

Our ship's company was composed of a very great mixture of blockade-runners, secessionists, and but very few loyal men and woman. The only exceptions we found were George Gardner and wife, of Boston. There was amongst them a T. W. Whitney, of Matanzas, whose offers of kindness bespoke the gentleman, but whose sym-

pathies were evidently enlisted with the South. There were many women on board with children, from England and the Southern States, who were going to rejoin their husbands at the island of Nassau, as well as many of them at Cuba; saying they had not seen their husbands since the commencement of the war, but that they were entirely satisfied to have been so long absent from them, they never having been in such lucrative business before. I innocently inquired what that business could be, when they would answer, "Blockade-running; it is the best of all business," and seemed highly delighted.

In the great variety we had on board, there was a young German girl, by the name of Josephine ———, whom, if one could judge by her looks, might be about twenty-five, but she may have been somewhat older. She was travelling alone, highly educated, said she understood ten different languages, and appeared to be a proficient in each, of which she gave an example. She was indeed a prodigy, a philosopher, as well as an exception to womankind. As we were much alone together, and I admired her for her learning, as well as for her agreeable manners, I desired her to give me a short account of her

history. She appeared to have been bred in high life. She told me her father resided in one of the large cities in Germany; that she had no mother; her father was advanced in years, and she, if I rightly remember, was the only daughter. She had one brother living in New York city. I asked the question, how she could leave her father, and native land, and all other dear friends and early associations, and come to a land of strangers, rather than remain with her aged parent, to soothe and comfort him in his declining years? Her answer was, "That is best known to myself." I took it for granted that a disappointment, or some love affair, the same cause that has taken many a young girl to a convent, brought her over sea and land, to seek a foreign home, in almost entire isolation,—telling me she came on from Germany to New York, I think, about three years previous to the time of our meeting. On her arrival, she went immediately to the house of her brother, where she had not been long before she took up a newspaper containing many advertisements of farms for sale. She saw one that struck her forcibly, as the spot for her, above all others, in Potter County, Pa., the extreme northern part of the State, in the

midst of a primeval forest, several miles distant from any habitation, which she afterward purchased. After seeing the advertisement, she inquired of her brother what train of cars she should take to proceed thitherward, and the following day took all she possessed and pressed onward. She found the agent, without any difficulty, on the spot, and purchased the farm at once, containing one hundred acres, and in a short time afterward, made another purchase adjoining, on which was a tenant-house and some cleared land. She got some one to assist her in procuring persons to work on the farm, while she took the entire management of the whole. She found no difficulty in procuring a friend, companion, and domestic, from a farm-house, several miles distant,—herself and the young woman performing all the duties of the house, being its only inmates. She told me she was educating her in the best manner, and that she already knew several different languages. That, as they lived in so much isolation, they had plenty of time for all the duties they had to perform, having no company. I asked her if they did not feel timid. Her answer was, “No, that she did not want to injure any one, and she was sure they did not wish to

injure her.” They spent much of their time riding on horseback; that they sometimes met men riding out, but avoided them as wolves of the forest. She said she still continued to live there, with much pleasure, and never expected to leave it. I queried with her why she was leaving it to go to Havana to spend the winter, if isolation was so delightful? She replied, she had very intimate friends on the island of Cuba, who had sent for her to come and spend the winter with them; that she had brought her companion with her, and left her at her brother’s, in New York, until she should return. I desired her to give me her address; she requested mine in return, while each extended a kind invitation to interchange visits. We saw her leave the ship with one of her friends, on her arrival at Havana.

I presume if the history of many who have gone to convents, or other places of great isolation, was unfolded, the cause would not prove unlike that which led this German heroine to sacrifice all she held near and dear on earth, to fly from scenes of disappointment and sorrow, and, not unfrequently, of slander, that goes forth like a whirlwind, causing many an innocent maiden to pine her life away in obscurity, and in

her timidity to seek for peace alone in some quiet vale, apart from the world; while he who has deceived her is walking erect, with infamy in his soul, and the "brand of Cain upon his forehead." In the broad sunlight he wends his way to the homes of others, innocents like her. When will society become so far reformed as to look on both sexes impartially; when public opinion shall tend to the great principle of justice and right, rather than that of fashion or of caste?

I give my views on this subject, as I have mingled much with all classes of society for many long years, and have found in "life among the lowly" less immorality, more virtue and truth, than I have among the rich and great. After stating that all the warm pulsations of my soul beat in unison and deep sympathy with these injured ones, the sands of time will have passed from my glass, before I shall cease to lay a soft hand gently on the heads of this class, which I could only desire may rest as dew upon the flowers.

On fourth day afternoon we began to feel a milder climate, and to experience its refreshing influence, especially myself, who up to this time had been confined mostly to my state-room. On

fifth day, the seventh of the month, we experienced a spring-like atmosphere. In the afternoon a steamer was discovered making after us, and as she gained upon us, fired a blank cartridge, warning us to come to and wait her coming up, which Captain Lemesurier did, much to his mortification and chagrin, not knowing but it might be a pirate ship, as many infested the seas at that time. The steamer proved to be a rebel war vessel, who, on finding ours to be her Britannic Majesty's mail steamer Corsica, bound for Havana, passed on, leaving us to follow, calling upon us, as she passed, for newspapers, to which we replied in the negative. She detained us about one hour. On sixth day morning we were in quite a warm latitude, the thermometer being seventy-six to eighty.

We now saw the island of Nassau in the distance, and about nine o'clock in the morning attempted to enter the harbor, but found it too rough, surrounded with rocks, so that the water was thrown up a great distance. The waves beat with violence against the rocks, giving it a terrific appearance. The captain concluded to go to the opposite side, it being to the windward, where we found a better anchorage. We laid there during

the night, and discharged the cargo and most of the passengers designed for that place. They were placed on board a lighter at night, which looked very fearful to us left behind. The sea being very tempestuous, many thought they would not reach the shore. The storm raged considerably through the night, driving a ship on shore, where we saw her in the morning, high and dry, being a total wreck. I felt like condoling with those on the wreck, as well as with the owners of the wrecked steamer, but was told I might give myself no concern on that head, as it was often done intentionally, to get the insurance on vessel and cargo, but if so, the passengers had to suffer. It required four or five schooners and a small steamer to take away the freight and passengers that landed here.

On the ninth of the month we continued our course round the island, and came in front of the principal town, and sent the remainder of the passengers in lighters on shore. It was rather a fearful operation getting the women and the aged off the steamer. They were let down in an arm-chair, by means of a tackle; numbering in all ninety souls, as pure secessionists as ever rebelled against any government. This island, Providence,

as it is called, is a small, barren, rocky island, grown over with underbrush, without culture of any kind, and depending on the States for every article of subsistence. It is now the depot for blockade-runners and Southern sympathizers, and a brisk trade is carried on between this island and the South. The town of Nassau is a small place, having one large hotel, a few government buildings, and private residences. A mulatto man, our informant, gave us reliable information concerning the condition of the island previous to the war; that it was of little account until the brisk trade commenced with the South, of blockade-running. We concluded it could not be a desirable place for invalids, or residence for any, except such as are engaged in contraband trade.

We left our anchorage about two o'clock P.M., taking on board numbers of passengers from Nassau; and we steamed our way for Havana.

CHAPTER II.

HAVANA—SLAVES AND SLAVE-SHIPS—CHURCHES— VEHICLES.

WE reached Havana on the morning of the fourteenth of twelfth mo., 1863, at eight o'clock, A. M. Among the passengers were an English gentleman and wife, with whom we became intimately acquainted, we both going to the same hotel in Havana, where we spent a month. The steamer came to anchor in the harbor, about one mile from the landing, to which we were conveyed in small boats, at one dollar apiece. On coming to anchor we were boarded by the custom-house officers, and runners from the different hotels, offering us their accommodations, and taking charge of our baggage. The harbor is a fine one, of basin shape, the entrance to which is through narrows, on the point of which stands Moro Castle on a high bluff. It is an extensive and formidable structure, and would seem to defy the assault of an enemy; but modern warfare

sets at nought every superstructure of ancient defence.

After completing custom-house duties, we walked up to Alany's Hotel, a few blocks off, and which stands in Plaza de Francisco, exposed to the view of the harbor. It constitutes a block, so built as to have a court-yard in the centre, accessible through a large doorway, and stone steps to the second story, where you land on a wide piazza. The lower story is occupied as stores, or eating and drinking saloons. The house has been kept for eighteen years by a lady from Philadelphia—an elegant woman, of worth and acquirements. Her hotel is said to be the best kept of any in Havana, and is resorted to by the first class boarders. Our friends, George Gardner and wife, from Boston, who had been our shipmates from New York, together with the English gentleman and wife, from Canada, were our companions here, as well as George Bernado and wife, from Philadelphia, making it highly agreeable, while our stay was prolonged one month, waiting for a steamer to take us to St. Thomas.

The bay or harbor is surrounded by hills, and is a complete basin, on one side of which stands

the city, forming the segment of a circle. The shipping is arranged along the wharves, bow foremost, so as to occupy the smallest possible space, in front of which is erected a long shed, extending from one end of the town to the other, for the accommodation of loading and unloading vessels, and there merchants meet in the morning to transact business. The hours for business are from six to nine o'clock, after which breakfast and custom-house operations. On these wharves may be seen large numbers of slaves, continually loading and unloading vessels. The city looks quite pretty from the harbor; but on entering it the stranger is struck with its jail-like appearance, every house of much account being guarded with iron-grated doors and windows; also, large massive iron doors, which open into court-yards, that lead to dwellings and stores. The lower stories are chiefly occupied as storehouses or places of business of some kind. The streets are narrow, with foot-pavements from two to three feet wide, mostly of round stone. Some of the streets are paved with square blocks of granite, and mostly kept clean, so that you walk in the middle of the street as common as sidewalks. The lower part of the city is in a wretched con-

dition, scarcely fit for decent people to pass through, being filled with groggeries, gambling places, and filth; for my own part, I felt afraid to pass through any of those miserable streets, which was proved to a demonstration by one of our boarders.

There are a few places in the city somewhat attractive. The Governor's Plaza is an open space, ornamented with trees and shrubbery, that affords a pleasant retreat, where, every evening at eight o'clock, the citizens are entertained with a band of music. Outside of the city proper the houses are more expensive, streets wider, and open areas more numerous. There the *élite* of the city are seen driving every evening, from five o'clock, along the Pasio del Ysabel, Casse del Plado, Campa del Marle, up the Tacon. These siaras are where the aristocracy of the city reside, and where is found grandeur and squalid poverty intermingled to the greatest extent we ever beheld. Here is seen an elegant mansion, according to their architecture, with its fine garden and beautiful grounds, and alongside a miserable shanty, with groggeries, and squalid poverty, in the greatest filth and degradation; most of the latter native Cubans, who with the

Spaniards are always at variance. The Cubans are allowed none of the privileges or rights claimed exclusively by the Spaniards. All the fine buildings here, as well as in the city proper, are barricaded with iron bars, as we concluded, to guard against insurrections, as I was satisfied would eventually come upon the people of that island, if they continued to enslave and oppress both colored and whites.

Having travelled through all the Southern States when slavery existed, we never saw it in so horrible a form as on the island of Cuba. We did not visit the calaboose, at Havana. We daily saw passing our boarding-house a large number of slaves, heavily loaded with irons, and chained together, going into different parts of the city, to labor on public works; such as repairing pavements, cleaning out sewers, or anything else of the most menial character. As all are chained together, one could make no move unless all moved, which must have given them in their irons the most excruciating pain. We saw them down in deep sewers, amid mud and filth, not only performing labor, daily, in those wretched ditches, but taking their meals (if they might be so called), surrounded with this stench.

My heart bled for them, and I queried with some of the inhabitants, to know what their crime had been, that brought them to this condition. They answered very indifferently, that they did not know, perhaps for some misdemeanor. I replied, "Do you suppose a people can prosper, while oppressing their fellow creatures to the extent they are here?" Their only answer was, "You must be very careful what you say, as no one dares speak on the subject." But I was made to cry out in the agony of my spirit, "How long, oh Lord, holy and true, wilt thou suffer this mystery of iniquity to be going on in the land, under the high profession of serving Thee?" As the priests were continually parading the streets in their long robes, in going to mass, and other religious exercises, and were they the ministers of Christ, we believed, would do all in their power to turn the captivity of this deeply oppressed people, which would be as easy for them as that of the water-courses, as their power and influence is unlimited.

As we were riding out one evening, on the Pasio, in the finest part of the city, in company with our friends, G. Bernado and wife, of Philadelphia, we passed a gang of slaves, apparently

in great wretchedness, with a driver behind them with an uplifted whip. They were probably being driven out to a plantation. We saw them every day while on the island, always under great oppression, and were informed by a gentleman from one of our Eastern States, that he had recently returned from a visit to a slave-ship, which had just come in with eleven hundred slaves on board, valued at eleven hundred thousand dollars. He was invited by a friend of his, residing in Havana, to go with him to witness the enormity of the slave-trade.

I will give the relation, as nearly as I can, in his own words. "They went," he says, "in the darkness of the night, to a certain point on the island, where slave-ships generally unload their cargoes"—it being an isolated spot. "We there saw a large number of planters on the shore waiting for the arrival of the anticipated slave-ship. We waited there for several hours, in the darkness of the night, until at last she made her appearance. On reaching her moorings, the cargo was hurried out of the ship, with all the rapidity possible, and placed upon the shore, many of them, poor miserable creatures, not being able to stand. I had heard of the horrors of the slave-trade, but

the sight of these poor creatures, torn from their native land, in their filth and degradation, beggars all description—few of them having the appearance of human beings. After the ship was cleared of its inmates, the gentleman who had invited me to go with him, insisted on my going on board the ship, which I did, and never can I forget the horrid spectacle that met my vision. The ship, from stem to stern, was a mass of filth and noxious vapor; it looked as if all the excrements accumulated on the passage, were there deposited, during a voyage of ninety days. I queried to know how it was possible, eleven hundred could be stowed into that ship? His answer was, ‘I will show you,’ pointing to that part between decks, where seats were formed like stairs, and in every part where they could be placed, in the same way. I said, ‘They cannot all be seated here,’ when he replied, ‘They could not, except as they are made to fit each between the limbs of the other, having just room to crawl from their seats to a certain spot, nigh at hand, too horrible to reflect upon.’ Never could I have contemplated so revolting a sight.

“ We hastened away from the ship as rapidly as possible, fearing to remain many minutes in so

noisome a place. We returned to the shore, and there found an auction going on. The many planters, who had been waiting for the arrival of the ship, were now making purchases of such as suited them best.

“In the course of an hour or two, all were gone, not a vestige being left of the blackened crime and shameful exhibition we had been witnesses to. The ship was then towed out into the sea and scuttled; which is the custom with the owners of slave-ships after discharging their cargoes, so that no trace shall be seen that such a ship has brought a cargo of slaves to the island. I queried with a gentleman how it could be allowed, as it was contrary to the laws of Spain, as well as all other civilized countries. He said the people there got along easily with that; as money will do anything. So many doubloons handed the Captain-General, and all will be right; which has since been confirmed by a Cuban in my own house.”

Now, if this information be incorrect, the present Governor has nothing to do but deny it; but we were informed the same thing, from several other sources, in Havana. We give the statements as our informants gave them to us.

The Eastern gentleman also told us that not long after this he was again invited by his friend to visit another slave-ship, which contained seven hundred slaves. The horrors of the scene, and exhibition of cupidity and crime, both with slave-dealers and planters, was much the same as the first, the ship being scuttled as the former.

On retiring at night, after those horrible relations during the evening, sleep departed from my eyes, and my spirits almost died within me. Soon after the morning's dawn, I told my husband we must go and see the American consul; having relinquished the proposal I had made to him, to pay a visit to the Governor, my husband feeling he was not willing to risk the consequences that might arise from an interview on this subject.

We arose, breakfasted, and paid him a visit. I opened my mind to him on the subject, my husband consenting. He gave us the most imperative counsel, not to breathe a word on the subject to any one; saying, "You may get into difficulties from which you may not be able to extricate yourselves, as Catholicism reigns supreme on this island, and no Protestant is tolerated in any way;" stating a case of two young

men who came from England, a few years since, for the purpose of obtaining liberty to establish a Protestant church, which they were totally denied, and threatened, if they did not leave the island; which they were willing to do, after distributing a few Protestant tracts; for this crime they were arrested and thrown into prison, where they remained a long time awaiting their trial; after which they were condemned to several years' imprisonment; this, coming to the ears of the English government, measures were immediately taken with the Spanish government for their release, which might otherwise have terminated in a war between the two countries. They were released, however, only by banishment forever from the island on pain of death.

This interview with the American consul confirmed more fully the danger there was in saying or doing anything that might give offence to this hierarchy.

Previous to visiting the American consul, we had requested of our landlady to hold a religious meeting in her house, at the earnest solicitation of many of the boarders, which she readily granted, saying it would give her too great sat-

isfaction, not having attended a religious meeting for eighteen years.

After the notices had been put up in different parts of the house, a Southern man came to my husband, and informed him that the holding of such a meeting might involve us in much difficulty, being entirely contrary to law; which gave us much concern, not so much on my own account as on that of my husband, who did not feel prepared, as he said, to suffer martyrdom on that island, or subject us to the persecuting spirit that prevailed there. Our landlady thought it an unnecessary alarm altogether, and insisted on the meeting's being held; but we thought it most prudent, as well as many others, to take down the notices, to the disappointment of those who came from without, as well as within the house. Soon after, we were informed that one or more officers were waiting below for us to commence the meeting, when we were to have been taken immediately to prison. And this was no sham for intimidation, but a reality, under the influence of Catholic rule. We were afterwards told by the American consul, that if five persons should hold a Protestant prayer-meeting in one of their chambers, and should it be found out by

the authorities, it would subject them to incarceration in a prison.

We were informed there was scarcely a day or night in which murders and robberies are not committed, but are seldom reported. One individual, as near as I can now remember, who had used some measures to assist a slave to leave the island, was unmercifully garroted, and the body left suspended, hanging in the air for some considerable time, as an example for others;—not forgetting to punish the great crime of restoring a stolen man to his freedom, while murderers were permitted to go at large. This case we did not see ourselves, but a friend of ours from New York, one of our own Society, gave us the information, being a fellow-boarder with us.

I might go on enumerating enormities practised on the oppressed; but one feature more in the horrid system must suffice. Another of our fellow-passengers, and boarder at the same hotel, from Chicago, rode out with his sick son, in the interior, to visit the plantations. On his return, he told us he had beheld the most horrid sight he ever saw,—men, women, and children, in great numbers, on sugar plantations, in the most abject

and cruel condition of slavery. It was the sugar-making season, and they were pressed or driven to that extent, that it seemed as if they could exist but a short time under such oppressive labor. As he made no profession of being an Abolitionist, they let him into some secrets, which they otherwise would not—such as the number of hours they were compelled to labor out of the twenty-four. They told him that eighteen hours were what they generally required of them; but when hard driven for their sugars to be in readiness for customers, they did require twenty, sometimes twenty-two hours' labor of them. May we not ask ourselves, while reading this narration, whether we could endure such toil, and that, too, without any compensation—save a salt herring and a small quantity of Indian meal per day, leaving out clothing, as what is given them is not worthy of the name? Should not every human being set their faces against such an infamous system, let it be where it may? crying out against it as the sum total of all villanies, while the people where it exists seem as indifferent to it as if it were some great boon conferred upon them. I believed, when there, the time was near at hand when a change

must be wrought, as their measure of iniquity seemed nearly full.

One more instance of barbarity must be recorded, on a poor girl, a child's nurse, at one of the boarding-houses. The mother of the child was not living. The father procured this young nurse. In some way the infant received a slight injury. When it was known to the landlady, she told the girl the father should hear of it. The girl begged her on her knees not to do it, saying, "My master will whip me to death!" But the cruel woman was inexorable; told her she was in fault; that she would be as good as her word. The poor frantic young girl, well knowing the consequence, retired quickly to the third story of the building, then jumped from one of the windows to the street, falling on the stone pavement. She was taken up and cared for, but life was nearly extinct. We heard no more of the case, as it was not thought of much account, such enormities being of frequent occurrence. It brought to mind the truthful lines of a celebrated author:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

So it has ever been with those who have not had moral or religious principle to direct them. But the barbarism connected with slavery seems too vile and cruel for any possessed of humanity to view it in this light. But so it is; and to me it is a problem I have never been able to solve, how well-disposed people could ever have held their fellow-creatures in bondage, at any period of time.

I will now speak about the most common vehicles used on the island as pleasure carriages. They are called volántes, for one or two horses; there are a few barouches, and some coaches. It is curious to see how they harness and fix their little horses to these volántes; the driver always rides on one of the horse's backs, at least ten feet from the dasher of the carriage, and when two horses are used, one is placed between the shafts and the other on the off side, which is ridden by the driver; and what appears very singular to us, most of these horses have their tails plaited, and tied to one side of the saddle. The horses are small, and their gait a sort of shuffling pace, which they drive at the rate of six miles an hour.

The houses are built of stone and roughcast, from one to three stories. The floors are of brick

or stone, all through the houses, making a fine resort for scorpions, centipedes, roaches, darning-needles, and all sorts of poisonous vermin, of which there is a great abundance on the island. Oxen and small horses are the beasts of burden, as well as donkeys, travelling the streets continually, loaded with cane-tops, baskets of fruits and vegetables, to such an extent that the legs of the donkey are scarcely seen. Oranges and bananas were in abundance, pineapples not so plenty. It is not common for ladies to walk in the street, neither is it considered safe; but our republican habits could not be circumscribed by such arbitrary rules; so on the sixteenth we took a walk through the town to the market, where we saw a miserable collection of meats, vegetables, and fish of various kinds; the people looked at us with astonishment, and made their remarks as we passed along; but not understanding them, we took no notice of them.

17th. We took a ride this evening, at the invitation of George Bernado and wife, along the Siara, and through the Tacon, and by the way of Gordon House. It afforded us a fine opportunity to see the best part of the city. We had a day or two before taken a vol  nte, and rode

along the Tacon and back. The vehicle was very uncomfortable for two people, and the driver not understanding our language, made it anything but desirable to be driven about without knowing anything.

18th. The thermometer is 72° in the morning, and 76° at noon, and it rained all day; we kept close house, hearing sad relations of slavery and its effects, and the cruelties that are practised upon them.

19th. The Evening Star arrived from New York, bound to New Orleans, in which George Bernado and wife, and others, are going to that city. The Corsica also sails to New York; by her we sent letters to our friends.

Atmosphere cool; thermometer, 71° to 75° .

We have made a visit to the friends to whom we brought letters, Burnham & Co., and others, in Merchant Street. Burnham is an elderly gentleman, reserved and dignified. He has politely offered to forward all our letters sent to him. F. Bussing, 37 Merchant Street, just retiring from business, we found very agreeable. He sailed with us to St. Thomas, with his family, on their way to Germany. With this gentleman we felt easy and familiar, and conversed freely on all

subjects. The Evening Star brought us no letters from home.

20th. First day, morning. Felt the importance of our position; and the prayerful aspiration of the soul to the throne of grace is for light and strength to do the will of Him whom we desire to serve. Yet feeling poor, stripped, and naked, without ability to think a good thought, unless thou, O Lord, inspire us.

We visited the Cathedral, in company with some of the boarders, at the time of Mass, and sat quietly with them during their devotions, which consisted mostly in falling down on their knees, on the stone floor, before images, which were erected in all parts, reminding us of some of the sayings of Paul, relative to the inscription on the altar of the Athenians,—“To the unknown God.” After they had dispersed, we visited different parts of the enormous edifice, as well as the tomb of Columbus, situated in one end of the building. It is said his remains are here deposited. The inscription being in Spanish, we were unable to decipher it. His memory is still sacred to the Spaniards. We then took cars, and rode several miles out on the Siara, and back to Campo

de Marti; from thence walked through the city to our hotel.

There is some regard paid by many to the day of the week. There is no law regulating the enforcement of the observance of the Sabbath; hence we see trade and business going on as usual, and the public conveyances running as on other days. Card-playing, drinking, &c., constitute the recreation.

21st. Morning cool; thermometer 68° ; cloudy.

22d. Thermometer 68° ; atmosphere warmer. The Eagle, from New York, has arrived, bringing the widow and family of the late Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia. They came to our hotel, but she being out of health did not remain long; we not ascertaining which way they turned their course.

CHAPTER III.

MATANZAS—CAVE OF BELLAMAR.

23d. ROSE at four o'clock in the morning, and, in company with George Gardner and wife, took cars for Matanzas, a distance of sixty miles, to visit the Cave of Bellamar, where we arrived at nine o'clock, and took breakfast at Hubbel's Hotel, who (Hubbel) is a Philadelphian, and seemed gratified at seeing some of his townsmen; taking great pains to furnish our plates with the choicest pieces.

Here we met Captain Barnes and T. W. Whitney, the latter our old shipmate from New York to Havana, and the former an intimate friend of my dear husband's for many years, he having been their family physician. In company with the Gardners, each taking a *volante*, and the other above-named friends in another, with drivers on the horses making a great noise, we set forward. The road, for some distance towards the cave, is very beautiful, being on the sea-side, after which

we begin to ascend a mountain of rocks, over which the horses are actually forced up by the violence of the drivers. On either side of the road, as we passed, tall trees of cocoanuts and bananas might be seen, the fruits hanging in great profusion; a sight extremely beautiful and picturesque. I had seen them in pictures, when a child, but little thought I should ever stand on the soil where they grow, and where I might have had the liberty of plucking them from the boughs.

I felt very doubtful, as well as my husband, whether we should reach the summit in safety, the volantes often appearing as if they would fall backward. At last we gained the top, and, after driving one mile over a terribly rough road, came to the Cave de Bellamar.* This beautiful cave is owned by Manuel Santos Parga. It was discovered on the 17th of April, 1861, while breaking limestone in the neighborhood. One of his workmen felt his lever sinking through a hole, which proved to be a deep well. Parga's curiosity was aroused; he descended, and to his amazement he saw a splendid cavern. He set immediately to work, and so well did he succeed

* From Guia de la Cueva de Bellamar.

in his new discovery that, before one year had elapsed, he gave to the admiring public the wonders of his subterranean domain. The cave has been called Bellamar, as there is a summer retreat near by of that name. The entrance to the cave is one mile distant from the junction of the two roads and two hundred yards from the Parga House, in which the visitors' register is found, as well as a large assortment of fine specimens of stalactites and stalagmites for sale. The guides are well provided with lamps and tapers. In the principal apartments are fixed lights, or chandeliers, burning with great brilliancy. Good paths have been opened, bridges thrown over, and steps placed wherever the passage required it. The first hall, called the Gothic Temple, is of unique and severe beauty, and brings to mind the solemn naves of ancient cathedrals. As the visitors go down this hall, nine hundred feet long by two hundred and forty wide, there are several large pillars, which reach the ceiling of the lofty vault, the largest of which is sixty feet high, varying in its width from twenty-one to nine feet, and bears the name of the Mantle of Columbus. Stately are its capacious folds, and at the foot many figures may be seen resembling statuary, like

men lying on the ground, prostrate in deep adoration; these are called the Twelve Apostles.

The farther we descended, the heat became more oppressive, although we had doffed above all the clothing we could spare, so that our friend George Gardner proposed returning, thinking he would not be able to breathe long there. My dear husband urged him onward, and we all found we soon became accustomed to the atmosphere. Opposite to the Mantle of Columbus, in the other end of the Gothic Temple, stands a niche, called the Altar, decorated with stones, not unlike images, shaped by an awkward hand. At the foot of the Altar, on a prominent stone, the guardian of *the Cave*, a rude statue, raises its solemn head, turned towards the entrance. There are two openings in the Gothic Temple, through which the hall is left, to enter the subterranean passages; both are in front of the traveller as he descends. Following the itinerary of the guides, the left one is chosen, and he finds himself in the Gallery of the Fountain, two thousand four hundred feet long. The crystallizations of the Gothic Temple are white, somewhat tinged with brown. As soon as we enter the Gallery of the Fountain, we see on either side the most delicate

work, of a shining white, representing the most beautiful scalloped embroidery. Just in the centre of the Gallery the spring is seen which gives it the name of the Fountain; the water fills a basin, white as marble, and is pure and agreeable to the palate. There we all slaked our thirst, and some of us, I think, bathed our faces in it. Close by the fountain the passage is covered by the most beautiful stalactites, forming the closet of the "Indian Maiden." After this, the traveller is shown a fine arch, called the "Devil's Gorge," bound on one side by a large stalactite called the "Organ," which very much resembles that musical instrument. A few yards beyond the "Gorge," the stalactites and stalagmites mingle together in such a manner that they form a mass of transparent alabaster. Some of these are of the most fantastic shapes, clear as crystal. Lights are placed behind them to show them off. Among them, the Sepulchre is found. But the most remarkable is the Embroidered Petticoat; this is, indeed, one of the jewels of the Bellamar Cave. It is a most beautiful, bell-shaped, hollow stalactite, as smooth as marble, several feet in height. Near the bottom, a symmetrical edge, six inches wide, made up of large crystals, adds much to its

beauty. The "Sofa" forms also an interesting group of these stalactites.

As we wandered through the Cave, we came to the end of the Gallery of the Fountain, but only to see new and greater wonders, each one calling out "Look here!" while in a moment we heard the sound, "See there! how grand, how magnificent!" The Hall of the Benediction, so called by one of the reverend bishops, who pronounced it *blessed*, in a fit of enthusiasm, being a chamber of surpassing beauty. It is forty-two feet long, twenty-four wide, and thirty-six high. The floor, the walls, the vault, are of dazzling white, forming an aerial vista of stalactites, covered with crystallizations; these hang from the vaults, which are ornamented with alabaster curtains. One of the pendant stalactites has the name of Don Hosmo's Lamp. A gentleman wished to purchase it for a large sum, but the owner said, "No; let the visitors enjoy the grand sight." One of the most striking objects in the Hall of the Benediction is the Mantle of the Virgin,—a massive stalactite, which falls like a transparent cascade, with a splendid border, the surface being slightly undulated, while the square facets shine like precious stones. Under the Mantle of the Virgin is a pure

stream of water, the source of which is still a mystery; it is called the Mysterious Spring. An attempt has been made to discover a passage to it, but all efforts proved unavailing; while thus exploring for a passage, the lights soon were extinguished, and the horror was greatly increased on finding the matches were wet: lost in the dark cavities, they thought of their last hour. Happily, the wife of the proprietor became alarmed at her husband's delay, and sent in her servants to search for him. The lost ones were found in the most pitiable condition; they had been for eighteen hours in much suffering, both physical and mental. We next passed to the Gallery of the Lake, remarkable for the appearance of a snow-drift. Although at the end of this gallery the Lake of Dahlias is found, it is not accessible for visitors, as the flowers are under water. In another part of the cave is Hatney Gallery, named for a famous Indian chief, in the early history of the island.

Next, a chamber, called "The Closet of the Beautiful Matanceras," near which are many others, too numerous to mention. The readers must go and see for themselves, taking this book with them for a guide. The depth of this cave

is three hundred and sixty feet. The ground is dry, but always of a hot temperature; fossil shells cover some portions of the vaults; a large amount of filagree work may be seen in many parts, so fanciful, as fit models for the artist. Gothic chapels, with many hues of the rose and violet, with gold color, may be seen.

On coming again to the light of day, we felt much chilliness; but wrapping ourselves in our warm shawls, we turned our faces towards the city of Matanzas, of which we had a fine view. We purchased some beautiful specimens, as well as had some presented. Our kind friend, Captain Barnes, offered to take mine to Philadelphia, on board of his ship, to which we readily acceded. We had seen some parts of the country, which is beautiful as it meets the eye of the beholder. The highlands of Lacumbre, which conceal the valley Yumuri; the Abra, a deep ravine, where the Yumuri River calmly flows; Simpson Hill, with villas scattered about its lap; the city gracefully laid out on wavy ground; at a distance the pan of Matanzas: all contribute to form a picture worthy of the blue sky that pours on it the brightness of its tropical tints. The excursion required three hours.

M. Porga does not cease to work, in order to bring out new beauties, that he may offer new galleries and halls to the public, sufficient to gratify the most devoted lover of the beautiful in nature. He is said to be a man of great worth, which his indomitable perseverance stamps on his character; the traveller finds him always ready to show his gorgeous treasures, but allows no one to deface their beauty. The entrance fee to the Bellamar Cave is one dollar, guides and lights included. A good saddle horse (or what the owner calls good) may be hired for four dollars and twenty-five cents; a *volante*, with a pair of horses, for eight dollars and fifty cents; we may use them for three or four hours, but the excursion is often accomplished in two and a half or three hours.

We have visited many caves in the United States and in Europe, but never saw one in all our wanderings of so much interest, as well as surpassing beauty, as this. I could have wandered and explored its subterranean vaults for a much longer time, without the least feeling of weariness. The grandeur of the scene will, I trust, ever remain fresh in mind, calling up vivid remembrances of bygone days, when those we

held near and dear were grouped together with us, a happy *band*! now sleeping in the silent halls of death! For a few brief moments let us pause and reflect what sad changes have been meted out to the writer of this work since that period; but this is a world of continued change, and the last final change must come ere long. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when those we have so dearly loved are removed from us, those who continually animated us to renewed exertion, and sweetened all the toils of life; who dispersed the clouds as they gathered by the sunshine in their souls! but for the loss of such, where can we find consolation, and refuge for the troubled spirit, save in the bosom of religion? This only can warm and fill the heart! which trials and bereavements soften, and confirm more fully, that this is not our abiding-place. I often wonder that travellers are not more devout, more contemplative on the works of creation and Providence; the opportunity is so great for reflection and the enlargement of the mind. In the words of a Scripture writer, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that sail on great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deeps."

We again took the cars for Havana, and arrived in time for tea, at eight o'clock,—our fellow-boarders all desirous to know how we enjoyed the trip, many of them saying, "We must go too," seeming in ecstasies at our recital.

Our trip gave us a good opportunity for seeing the country, which is mostly level, covered with palm trees and orange groves. The soil is of a bluish color, and looked poor. The plantations seemed neglected. The palm is a tree of great beauty and height, and seemed to look down with indignation on the slave-worn soil below. We saw but few sugar estates; but little grass; indeed, the whole district we should call miserable, so that we had to wonder from whence came the oranges, pineapples, and bananas, that we saw in the city.

CHAPTER IV.

NEGRO AMUSEMENTS—TRIP TO MANITO—PRIVATE HOSPITALITY.

25th. CHRISTMAS-DAY is holiday; great commotion through the night, celebrating the advent of Christ. It is very warm; thermometer at 12 o'clock, 76°; my dear husband not well to-day.

We had heard much said as to the amusements of the slaves and free people of color, at Christmas. We did not know what it was; but when the time came, I saw them hastening with their work, at the hotel, and offered to assist them; other ladies seeing me do so, also came forward, and we soon despatched their work. In one hour after we were called to see them, in the open square in front of our house, painted in the most fantastic manner, nearly destitute of clothing, performing all kinds of pantomime antics, and debasing themselves in various ways, while uttering deafening screams at the top of their voices; the white people laughed and made merry

over their degradation. It reminded us of "Samson when he was brought out of prison to make sport for the Philistines, finding afterwards he had strength sufficient, he proved the death of them all;" which will be no wonder, should it be fulfilled to the letter. I told the spectators we should set our faces against all such debasing exhibitions, and impress upon them, the colored people, their manhood; that they were accountable beings, and possessed a higher nature than merely low and animal passions; that I felt it was wrong to remain to witness that, which to some seemed a pleasure, as it might be an encouragement to them to go on. My dear husband and self retired to our own room; soon all the boarders left the stand on the balcony, and the poor ones forsook their folly. I felt I had done right, and retired that night to rest in peace.

Near this time, Lady Madden, a New Yorker like myself, had invited us to her house to breakfast, at eleven o'clock. She sent a splendid volante, with a driver, to take us thither. She is a very polite, agreeable woman, as was Lady Bell, and many others I have cause to remember. I hope we may meet again. Mary Kelly, one of our boarders, went with us. She too is from New

York. We rode out on the Siaro, where Lady Madden lives, in one of the finest dwellings, barricaded, like all the rest, with iron gratings, her husband remaining out on the plantation, many miles distant, with a large number of slaves.

On our arrival she went with us to visit a neighbor, who had attached to the grounds around her mansion the most tasteful garden and pleasure-grounds we had ever seen in any country, being laid out with much care; with fine gravel walks in all directions; with lakes, fountains, and cascades, at almost every turn. She is a woman of more than eighty years. The avenue to the house is of great width, bordered with palm, cocoanut, and cactus trees, with other varieties, all in primal beauty. The cactus, being in flower, gave the lawn a splendid appearance. Every variety of shrub and flower, brought there from foreign lands, embellished her grounds, and she told us, through an interpreter, they had been planted by her own hands; but we presumed under her supervision, while some others performed the labor. She is naturally a genius, being a native Cuban, speaking no other language; she has taken up the art of drawing, painting, working in wax, stuffing birds, polishing

the different varieties of wood growing on the island, which quite astonished us. The paintings were exquisite, as were all her other performances; and, if I rightly remember, a large portion of her best had been executed in her old age; all having been learned without a teacher. One of the lakes on the premises was of sufficient size to keep a boat-house on its bank, for pleasure excursions, much the same as in the environs of Paris, as well as at the palace of Versailles. On the borders of the largest lake were numerous waterfowl, and two large aviaries, filled with almost every variety of birds, also a dove-house, of the most curious architecture. Many aged people of color were about the premises, who, we presumed, had performed much of the labor. She then conducted us into her house, where was a chapel, crucifix, and everything for performing Catholic devotions. She offered us several beautiful specimens of different articles in her house, as presents, we having spoken highly of her genius, but we declined, and were told, on our return, that it is merely done for etiquette, it being the custom of the people of the island. We received, however, some of her fine specimens of flowers, and some beautiful cocoanuts, just taken

from the tree, of which there were many on her premises. We then returned to breakfast with Lady Madden, where we met a few of her friends, who had also been invited. After we had breakfasted, which might have been between one and two o'clock, we returned to our hotel, she sending us in her volante.

The women on this island go without hats or bonnets; most of them have a thin veil over their faces, thrown back on their shoulders. The wealthy dress very richly.

We shall ever remember Lady Madden's kindness to us strangers with feelings of gratitude.

On our return, our friends, George and Eliza Gardner, we found were preparing to sail for Cadiz, in a Spanish man-of-war, with one thousand troops, destined for St. Domingo.

31st. Took the omnibus, at the Plaza, with Alphonsio Peletee as guide, for the railroad depot, to take us to Manito, twelve miles from the city. The country through which we passed presented a much better appearance of cultivation than that at Matanzas. It is more hilly, and far more picturesque. On this road we saw the pineapple growing, for the first time, which is the green top of the fruit, planted in hills like

cabbage, which shoot forth new leaves, and the fruit grows in the centre, one apple only to each plant.

Manito is on high ground, and much more healthy than at Havana. It is here many citizens flee to escape the epidemics often occurring in the city.

First mo. 1st, 1864.—This day is kept as a holiday; all work suspended; stores mostly closed, but inside the clerks are playing cards and drinking.

We have been here (Havana), over three weeks, and the time now seems long. We strive to be patient and watchful, but feel our leanness and poverty. Oh that our Heavenly Father would illuminate our hearts, and give us to see and practise His divine will. In looking over our lives we cannot say that we know anything as we ought, save by His holy workings in our souls, teaching us what is good, and warning us to avoid the wrong. May His grace fill our hearts, so that we may know no other will than that which flows from His holy fountain of truth.

2d. Quite cool this morning; wind and rain. We called on the English consul to-day, to engage our passage to St. Thomas, but were told our passage could not be paid until the steamer arrived.

The Morning Star reached here yesterday, by which we received two Tribunes, of the twenty-sixth ult., from W. C. B., New York.

3d. Morning clear; thermometer 72°. My cough still continues; my dear husband is untiring in trying to alleviate it, but at times it seems uncontrollable.

5th. Quite warm the last few days; thermometer ranging from 72° to 79°. The people here are mostly secessionists, or their sympathizers. We are now luxuriating on oranges, at ten cents a dozen; bananas are also plenty, but pineapples are scarce this season; we buy them at sixteen and twenty cents apiece.

6th. The Columbia left for New York. This is the King's day, or negro holiday, as they term it. They dress up fantastically, and go about the streets singing and dancing to the sound of a drum; but we turned from it with disgust, knowing it was only their degraded condition that made them enjoy it. The Clyde arrived about five o'clock, and my dear husband went on board to engage our passage to St. Thomas. The fare was one hundred and twenty dollars each; state-rooms 12 and 13.

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE TO ST. THOMAS—SLAVERY—CORALS.

7th. WE called on Burnham & Co., and directed all letters sent for us to be forwarded to St. Thomas. Much regret was expressed by our hostess, and many of the boarders, at our departure, expecting we were to remain the winter. We went on board at five o'clock P.M. We felt under great discouragement, hearing of this steamer not being seaworthy, and of her uncleanly condition; but, as passengers continued to come on board, our confidence increased. We were very glad to leave the intolerant and oppressive spirit that prevailed on the island; but dear friends, whose acquaintance we had formed there, we did feel a regret to part from. We slept well, and at seven o'clock next morning, on the eighth, weighed anchor and steamed our way out of the harbor, taking our course for St. Thomas. The sea was calm, although the wind was ahead, and we glided along the coast at nine knots. As we

passed through the Narrows, and rounded Moro Castle, the city of Havana looked far more beautiful than we had seen it before.

Moro Castle is erected on a rock of great extent, out in the sea. We were told by our shipmate, Whitney, from Matanzas, that a large number of cells were excavated in the rock, below the structure, where criminals were placed, and few, if any, ever came out that were there immured; which we could readily give credit to, from what came under our own observation. I omitted to say, in the proper place, that just in front of our hotel was an old cathedral, where we were told all the instruments of torture were kept, that were in use during the Spanish Inquisition, and were still used for certain crimes, which we were not slow to believe, as Catholicism governs every movement and measure; indeed, all the power of life and death is in their hands. We had mingled with Catholic priests in France, and found them social and polite; but not so on this island, as they were passing us daily, in their long robes and cowls, without turning their heads or looking at us, probably having knowledge of our being Protestants; that of itself would brand us with heresy.

After getting fully under way, they began to clean up, and in the course of the day got things comfortable. The captain and officers were social, and the passengers familiar; our fare was good, and everything done to make us comfortable, but we were both sea-sick. The French minister, with his young wife, from Mexico, was on board; he is at least sixty years of age, considerably bowed, and quiet in his habits; his wife was a young girl of seventeen. He told me he had watched her as a school-girl, from early childhood. She was rather dull and unsocial; she had an attendant with her, of whom she made a companion. She was quite an heiress; her father having recently died, left her, as we were told on board the ship, the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars. On hearing this, we did not so much wonder he wanted to marry her, but were somewhat surprised at her choice. Their manœuvring for the first twenty-four hours out, created much merriment among the passengers. We had all been forewarned by the steward that not one of our port-hole windows should be left open at night, as the sea was running pretty high, and would, without doubt, cause the water to dash into the state-rooms. He even

went round himself and locked every window, but, by some means or other, the minister and his wife got theirs open; soon after which we shipped a sea, they having all the benefit of it in their berths, giving everything in their state-room a drenching. The stewardess was called up in great haste, as the minister and wife were dripping, and knew not what to do. Everything had to be removed from their state-room, and it was a long time before anything could be procured to prepare them another bed, but the incident caused merriment enough for the rest of the passage.

We found there was much to learn on ship-board, and all the variety of characters to be met with, but we enjoyed it much after all. F. Busang, wife, and child, returning to Germany; George Branaman, wife, and child, from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and many others; Dr. Falls, Hicks, the rebel spy, and Howland, wife, and two daughters, from New York, sympathizers with Hicks; this party, with some others, constituted our ship's company. The only good Union man on board, we believe, was George Armond, with his son, from Chicago. Our course lay along the Island of Cuba, which we kept in sight most of its length.

10th. Sea rough; wind, southeast. It is first day; nearly all of the passengers sick.

11th. We are now opposite St. Domingo, and where the Spaniards are warring against them, to subdue them to the Spanish yoke.

This government, a few years ago, was treacherously given up to the Spanish Crown, by the Governor; the Spaniards, failing to comply with the articles of agreement, the Dominicans, white and black, have declared for independence; and now a most destructive war is raging.

13th. We passed in sight of numerous small islands, also, Porto Rico, which is mountainous and quite extensive, and entered the beautiful harbor of St. Thomas, on fourth day, the thirteenth of first mo., 1864, about two o'clock P. M., being five days and seven hours performing the trip, a distance of seven hundred miles. The town is called Charlotte Amelia, and stands on the north part of the basin, on an amphitheatre of hills, rising principally from the main street, which is the place of business. The houses are built on the side of the hill, and overlook each other, so that the back streets are on a level with the tops of the houses on the street below. Few of the houses have window-sashes. Santa Anna resides

here, and has a fine large house in the western part of the town. The island is poor, estates not cultivated, because the produce will not pay expenses. Labor is high, and employment in the city more congenial to the people of color. The climate is mild and their wants few, and they prefer living on the little they can obtain to working on the plantations; hence, you see such great numbers of women selling a few oranges, bananas, potatoes, and other fruits and vegetables all day with active industry. In the evening the streets are lined with men, women, boys, and girls, of all colors, walking for recreation, dressed in white, with flag handkerchiefs around their heads, gowns trailing in dust, shoes down at heel, making a dreadful clatter as they walk; they talk loud, and are disturbing to more quiet and retiring people. The first night of our arrival, we supposed there was a riot in the streets from the tumult heard, but on inquiry in the morning, as to the cause, were told it was their custom to perambulate the streets every night, which they keep up until near morning. No one appeared to take cognizance of their conduct, as it seemed to us they were continually under fearful apprehension.

We had a letter of introduction to Robert

Swift, which was delivered, and he, with his daughter, called on us at the Commercial Hotel, where we put up. Giles W. Smith, the Vice-Consul, and the wife of the Consul (he being sick), having heard through some of their friends of our being there, soon called upon us and offered their services. He very politely introduced us to the Governor of the island and other gentlemen, in order to facilitate our prospect to hold a meeting in that place.

The Governor, whose name is Rachae, is a very agreeable and polite man, granted freely all we asked relative to holding meetings in the houses, or in the public squares. His dwelling stands on a beautiful slope fronting the sea, but like all places, at least most we have ever seen, where slavery once existed, looked out of order, not well kept, while the grounds were overgrown with weeds; but his warm and generous heart more than preponderated against the neglected grounds and careless appearance around his otherwise beautiful home.

The great number of ships, continually riding at anchor in the harbor, adds much to the beauty of the natural scenery, which in itself is magnificent. The shipping hails from every clime, whose

inmates do much to enliven the hilarity of the winter season during their stay, although here they have no winter in their year. Our winter months are chosen as the most fitting time for strangers to tarry on this or any other of the West India Islands, in consequence of yellow fever and other contagions, prevailing when the weather is warm or mild in Northern latitudes. This island is subject to dreadful hurricanes, which not unfrequently demolish houses, as well as contribute to the loss of many lives. When, and by whom, St. Thomas was first settled, cannot be traced with any certainty. That its safe and commodious harbor early attracted the first navigators of the Caribbean Sea, especially the Dutch, as a port of refuge, or place of repair and refreshment, there can be little doubt. About that time some of the English settled at St. Croix. In 1625, some individuals took up their abode at St. Thomas, the superiority of the harbor over any other of the Caribbees, confirmed the supposition. The first settlers fled from Crab Island, to escape death from the hands of the merciless Spaniards, who made a descent on that island, sparing neither aged women or children, wherever found. Those who found refuge on the Island of St. Thomas,

were saved from a cruel death, only by committing their frail little bark to the mercy of the winds and waves, not knowing whither they went. Here they found there had been a settlement, as oranges, citrons, limes, and bananas were growing in abundance.

There are on all of these islands an infinite number of beautiful land and sea birds. On this island there is but little good soil, which, no doubt, prevented its being thickly settled for a long series of years. It is the general opinion of the inhabitants of St. Thomas, that the island was at one time possessed by the Buccaneers. Three old towers are within the walls of Fort Christian, and two others on hills north and east of the town, which gave rise to this idea. The romantic names of Black Beard and also Beard's Castles have been given to the towers on the hills, being so pointed out to strangers that visit the island. They form a part of the picturesque panorama of the surrounding scenery on entering the harbor, with their bold outline against the sky, with the lights streaming through their embrasures; the imagination is readily at work, busy filling up a view of this pleasing effect upon the mind. The tower within Fort

Christian, according to tradition on the island, was there when the Danes took possession of it, but it must have been built by the Dutch in 1667.

Some now say they were built by the Danes after they formed in a colony, and were in peaceable possession of the island. Gorgen Iverson was the first Governor, despatched by the Golden Crown. A company was formed called the Danish West India and Guinea Company. On the sixteenth of March, 1667, they published that the directors, six in number, with at least two thousand rix dollars invested in the company, and one hundred rix dollars should constitute a shareholder. They now began to make their laws. Every person who speaks Danish is bound to attend church every Sabbath when the drum beats, or, on failure, to pay a fine of twenty-five pounds of tobacco. So, we see the law of force prevailed even among those isolated people, who had suffered greatly from others, as soon as the power passed into their own hands. Every householder was bound to encourage his servants to be pious, and have morning and evening prayers. I think this last must have been a more difficult task than handing over the tobacco. Another of their laws was, when the drum beats, every man should

apprise his neighbor, that all might be in readiness in case of invasion. If in the night, he must fire a random shot, as also his neighbor, or suffer a severe penalty. But really I cannot see that we have made any considerable advance on this point for two hundred years; as now, the laws relating to war, offensive or defensive, are much the same as in that early day. Genius, in bringing out inventions for carrying on war and taking life, is a thousand-fold more effective. Calling to mind the question of one of the inspired, to the people of his day, "Shall the sword devour forever!"

" Shall strife and war forever reign,
And God's fair earth be stained
With life's blood of the robust youths,
To deeds of slaughter trained ?

" And vengeful passion fire the soul,
Where God's pure love should dwell ;
And earth outdo, in sin and shame,
The clergy's fabled hell ?

" While cripples hobble o'er the earth,
Aided by crutch, or cane,
And all the skies seem clothed in black,
Mourning the early slain ?

“ And pauper houses e’er be crammed
 With victims made by war,
 And crimes that follow in its train,
 Which all the pure abhor ?

“ And courts and prisons still remain,
 To crush the erring soul,
 That should be washed at wisdom’s fount,
 And by our love made whole ?

“ And man deprave his fellow-man,
 In hoarding filthy pelf,
 And strong ones crush the poor and weak,
 In greedy gain for self ?

“ And debts by millions multiplied,
 Poor toilers to enslave,
 And change by force the honest few
 To murderer, thief, or knave ?”

The highly gifted Franklin tells us, there never was a good war, or a bad peace.

Take away the sword ; states can be saved without it.—*E. Bulwer Lytton.*

War is entirely inefficient towards redressing wrong.—*A. L.*

I hold war the greatest of human crimes.—*Lord Brougham.*

War suspends every idea of justice and humanity.—*M. Wicker.*

War, a damnable profession, a trade of barbarism.—*Charles Sumner.*

“If we believe in the universal brotherhood, and acknowledge the Divine law, of love to God and man, as embodying our whole Christian duty, we cannot go to war, or encourage others to engage in it.”

But I have digressed far from my subject-matter, relating to our introduction to the Governor of the Island of St. Thomas.

We are told by every one with whom we conversed, that the laboring class is so idle that they cannot be induced to work, except a little at a time; that when they earn a few dollars, they will take a rest until it is spent, and then work again; that great inducements had been offered them to work on the plantations, but they could not be induced to do so. Laboring men, who work about the wharves at loading and unloading vessels, can do tolerably well as to earning a livelihood, at certain periods; but when the hurry is over, they have nothing to do, and small pieces of land have been offered them, at a moderate rent, but they will not work it, when they might obtain ready sale for their fruits and vegetables. They cannot be induced to leave the city.

Hence St. Thomas is dependent on other islands for vegetables, and all other articles of food,—principally St. John and Tortola. This statement we found to be incorrect, both from information derived from respectable white men, as well as colored, although our informants had not intended to give us wrong impressions. As the liberation of the slaves was not done voluntarily, but through insurrection, they have never been looked upon, as far as we could learn, as free people, save by the Governor of the island, and there appears a disposition still to keep them in bondage. The small prices offered them for labor on the plantations, which are exceedingly hard to cultivate, being mostly rocky hillsides, or on the tops of what we should call mountains, where there is a little table-land, is not sufficient to procure them a subsistence. As a consequence, feeling themselves despised, and most of them in abject poverty, they seemed to care little how they obtained their living, whether by plunder or otherwise, although there are many exceptions to this rule. The country is so unproductive, the planters care little whether it is cultivated or not,—merchandise and other business being far more profitable.

After ascending one of the heights, on our return, on a very hot morning, we met a number of old colored people, bowed with age, leaning on their staffs, endeavoring to ascend the mountain-top, saying they were going there to work, for which they would receive a few pennies. They were wretchedly clad, and in great degradation. We stopped them, and had some conversation with them, and gave them a little money, while we deeply deplored their condition. All this, we were satisfied, might have been otherwise, and they elevated to feel their manhood and womanhood, had justice and truth, which are the habitation and throne of the Almighty, been the guiding star of the people who had long held them in bondage. Of misery and wretchedness we have seen a great amount, as well as on the island we had just left, where oppression and violence reign. There is ever wasting and destruction, and we were satisfied while there, that if the present course continues to the freed people, insurrections, with all their horrors, will be the result, as oppression is said to make "the wise man mad." So wretched and miserable a class of colored people, as we saw everywhere on this island, we had never seen before, and de-

moralization seemed to us without a parallel. One lady, who lived opposite our hotel, from one of the New England States, who had been residing there for a long time, with her husband, whose health was impaired, told us they could but wonder that God had not sunk the island in the bottom of the sea, long before, in consequence of the wickedness and immorality of the people. But we wish it to be understood, that we found exceptions to this general rule, as there are some worthy and excellent people on the island. We need not ask what has brought about this state of things. The judgment of every thinking individual must be convinced that the curse of slavery is at the bottom of it all; that its deadly fangs are more to be dreaded than the most poisonous viper. The coils of the anaconda or boa constrictor are but its fit emblems, when twined around the souls and bodies of the defenceless. All kinds of animals have been tamed but man; his tongue is described as full of deadly poison, but that is merely the outspeaking of his soul, or rather his animal nature, as soul he has but little, for that is his humanity, and he who can bind and oppress his fellow-man, laying upon

him heavy burdens, has but little humanity in his breast.

In company one evening with a man from Porto Rico (which we did not learn until just before he left), we had a long conversation on the subject of slavery. He not wishing we should know where he belonged, told us he knew much of the condition of slavery on that island; telling how well the system prospered; that the slaves were as happy as birds; that they were fed on the best of food, such as the planters eat; and laid up a great deal of money; that five men, in a few years, accumulated three thousand dollars apiece, which their master held in trust, they not wishing to purchase their freedom with it. They had wives and children on the plantation, who were happy as they; but some contagion making its appearance on the island, the five men fell victims to the disease. The money the owner of the slaves had held, he made use of in supplying their places with other slaves. We asked, if that was a correct statement, whether he thought it was just in the man, and why he had not given their families their liberty, if he retained the money? His answer was, "They would not have their freedom," saying, "a woman in advanced

age was offered her freedom, and would not accept it, at the time, saying, 'Massa, what does I want of freedom? You's alles been so good to me. No, I will not leave you; I wants no freedom; you may keep all my money.'” We told him, admitting all he said to be true, which was entirely unnatural, “Did it not plainly show, that by being downtrodden and oppressed, they had become greatly degraded, and that the cupidity of the white man had subverted the laws of God, for which the day of retribution was at hand?” He said, “Madam, I think it is time for me to go,” and soon bowed himself out, giving us sufficient evidence, before he left, that he was the very man who had perpetrated the foul deed, and given so vivid a description of the blessings of slavery, which he had been narrating.

15th. Took a walk around the hill, and procured some pieces of coral, which is very cheap about this island, and abundant in the ocean. We walked for a long way on the sea-side, before arriving at the spot where a great variety of corals are sold. The colored people dive in order to procure them, and mostly pry them from the rocks. When first taken from the water, they are stone color, but on being exposed to rain and

sun, they become bleached to the whiteness of alabaster, while many of the beautiful shells, procured in the same way, or washed up on the shores, are transparent as glass, and of pure whiteness. There are many coral reefs, extending out in the sea. After bringing the corals to the shore, the most delicate of many varieties of all fantastic figures found among them are removed to the dwellings of the divers, where scaffolds are erected, on which they are spread, and exposed to rain and sun until of dazzling whiteness; the coarser and less delicate, for bleaching, are left on the shore. It is a splendid sight to look over the many varieties, and take account of their perfect symmetry, of every imaginable shape. The Queen of Conchs is a shell of surpassing beauty. One was brought us, just as it was taken from the ocean, with the inhabitant and rightful owner of the tenement just within the door, which is ever ajar. We purchased it, dwelling and all, and I soon set myself to work to eject the occupant, but he was a great deal stronger than we supposed, and resisted the invaders of his right, even unto death, letting us know that "his house was his castle," for as soon as I touched the skin of the animal, he darted

like lightning into the deepest recesses of his stronghold, from whence no entreaties, or threatenings, would drive him forward, save by plunging tenement and its occupant in hot water; so that, with all our skill set to work, we at last had to resort to *hanging*; a hard fate, but the only resort left; and this was done by bending a strong wire, so as to penetrate into the interior of the animal's dwelling, which caught him in the trap; but I think he hung suspended for twenty-four hours, before he let go his hold on life, which he clung to with the greatest tenacity. This animal is near the size of a man's hand; they are often used for the table, but I should dispense with them for food, if all are as hard to procure as this one. We had them on our table; they are like the hard part of a clam. This shell is of unusual beauty, having the tints of the rainbow.

We purchased many other varieties, which we brought back with us to the United States, being highly prized, and of much value here. They are as much admired by our numerous friends as by ourselves, and have tended to beguile many tedious hours of loneliness and solitude, since my return; feeling even now, while preparing this work for the perusal of others, that I seem to be

living the time over again; but not with the same enlivening pleasure, as when I wandered over that, and many other islands, in company with my loved and honored husband, whose sweet counsel is heard no more on earth; his redeemed spirit having gone to "that land where angels only dwell, and years have no ending." His cheerfulness ever contributed to keep off ennui, or depression, even when I was an invalid. Having an eye for the beautiful in nature, he saw new charms in every scene, as well on the "beautiful sea" as in the enchanting verdure of the landscape of those tropical isles, saying, with an inspired poet of the Seasons, "'These, as they change, Almighty Father! these are but the varied God!'" Not only is the rolling year full of Thee, but Thou art ever present, ever felt; and Thy glory on the broad bosom of the ocean, as in the shadowy vale! Thy goodness and Thy love are unconfined. Thou pourest Thy sunbeams o'er this world of ours, while we poor thoughtless mortals go plodding on, boasting ourselves of to-morrow, not giving ourselves time (at least many of us), to reflect, that to-morrow's sun to us may never rise."

I must not fail to remark that visitors, who

take up their abode at this very excellent hotel, each couple have a steady waiter appointed, on whom they can call at all times for everything they wish, whether at table, in the drawing-room, or their own chamber, which we found a great luxury. The name of our attendant was John Shilling, a kind-hearted, generous fellow, ever ready to wait on us with the nicest fruits of the season, as well as choice viands at the table.

My dear husband and self were delighted with his attentions, often giving him some extra coins. No one, who has not found himself far from his own dear native land, entirely among strangers, can realize the pleasure of having a kind heart to feel for, and willing hand to perform many little kind offices, so frequently needful. We found many other people of color on that island kind, polite, and gentlemanly, many who were merchants and shopkeepers of different kinds, merchant tailors, and others engaged in different employments, the same as the whites; but caste is quite as observable here as in our own prejudiced country. In front of our hotel was what is called by some the Emancipation Garden. I presume the land was purchased by the freed people, many of whom are now rich, as we heard little or nothing said

about it by the whites. It consists of a large area of ground, inclosed with a nice picket fence, on the border of the sea, grounds laid out with much good taste, containing a great variety of exotic plants and shrubs, with many ornamental trees, covered with flowers of exquisite beauty as well as odoriferous perfumes. There we found the ipecacuanha tree, from which we procured some of the pods, of great size, containing the seeds from which this drug is made; together with a host of flowers and plants of primal beauty. At this hotel we had a grand view of the sea and harbor from the spacious balcony in the front of our house, where we might sit at all times and enjoy the sea-breezes, and spend our evenings in that charming spot when the full-orbed moon was pouring forth its light and shadows. It was a scene of surpassing beauty! The shadows of moonlight are exquisitely beautiful in any land, but it seemed to shine on this beautiful island with more than usual brightness.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS—SANTA CRUZ—INSURRECTIONS IN THE ISLANDS.

17th. FINE day; though there is no calculating on the weather; showers spring up suddenly even when least expected. The thermometer ranges from 72° to 80° , yet we do not feel the heat, when out of the sun, so oppressive, owing to constant breezes. Feeling our minds drawn to hold a meeting among the people, the proprietor of the hotel kindly offered his saloon, which was capable of seating a large number, and in the evening was well filled with white and colored, large numbers being on the balcony, and in passage-ways. The hour appointed was $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, and after perfect quiet was enjoined, the company was addressed for half an hour on the nature of true and vital religion—giving a brief synopsis of the faith of the Society of Friends, and what constituted a call to the Gospel ministry, which was proved satisfactorily, as we thought, to every

unprejudiced mind, great numbers coming forward to acknowledge their entire approval.

I had, at the commencement of the discourse, told them how rejoiced we felt, on leaving the land of slavery in Cuba, to find ourselves on free soil, where there was freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press, and where all classes of men stood upright, realizing their manhood, under the sacred boon of liberty; and mentally cried out as we set our foot on what we considered free soil, "All hail to the land of the free!" Then stated it was slavery and oppression that had involved the greatest country in the world, our own United States of America, in the calamitous war now upon us. But we had not expected to find a vestige of it on that island, or a sympathizer with its friends, among them; saying, with the exception of that foul blot, *slavery*, in the United States, its benign laws excelled all others on the globe. From this, Hicks and his friends took umbrage, and deserted their post, all the rest remaining quiet, trying to draw nearer and nearer to our standing-place. At the conclusion, a meeting was announced for the day following, at four o'clock, at Cocoanut Square.

We went according to appointment, and met a very large number of all classes and colors, and I had not stood long on a platform erected for the purpose, before it commenced raining fast; we were under the necessity of dispersing, as we were in the open air, but first announced a meeting at the same hour the day following, at the same place, nineteenth of the month, third day.

The following day we again met the people; numbers having increased, the square was literally crowded. We trust counsel and advice was held forth suited to their conditions, and at the same time directing their attention to the gift within, that would teach them their duty to their God, and to each other; holding out the great importance to the white people of making use of every means in their power for the elevation and enlightenment of the emancipated; telling them no country could prosper under oppression; desiring them to turn their attention to the proper means of furnishing them with suitable labor; stating the statistics of what was being done in the United States by the hands of laborers in the improvement of our country, and cultivation of our soil, some parts of it as sterile as theirs, which had to give way under the hand of indus-

try, and was made now to blossom as the rose; the iron bands of our railroads, uniting together North and South, East and West; that we had observed much labor needful to be performed on that island, which would greatly tend to elevate, and work a wonderful change among them; so that instead of the colored people perambulating the streets, both day and night, in idleness and immorality, they would find that industry, sobriety, and temperance, was the road to wealth and distinction, and would prepare all classes to become good citizens. No fear would then be entertained of insurrectionary movements.

After an hour spent in giving advice of this kind, we thought it best to close the opportunity, all parties appearing well satisfied, shaking hands until we were weary. We took a walk around the town this morning, and ascended one of the high hills, on which several families of the Levy's reside. One of them, seeing us strolling along, invited us into his house, and showed us great kindness. We continued our walk along the street at the side of the Governor's residence. We regretted to see it so much neglected, both garden and grounds about his house. We passed along and were joined by an elderly citizen, who con-

ducted us around the hills into the lower part of the town, and along the street that leads into the main street near our hotel. It was a pleasant walk, and gave us an opportunity of seeing much we had not seen before. We had previously walked to the western extremity, where the poorer classes of colored reside; they are crowded together in small houses, but for the most part, cleanly for the class, most of whom were decently clad.

On the morning of the twentieth, at five o'clock, Captain Watlington called to inform us he would be ready to sail for Santa Cruz at nine o'clock, but that Brenaman and Bidwell, our fellow-passengers from Havana, had disappointed him, by taking passage with Captain James. He seemed much incensed, but according to their representation, without cause. He kept putting us off, from hour to hour, until four o'clock, soon after which we were conducted on board by the clerk and waiter, and weighing anchor, got under way a little before five o'clock. The passage was six hours and a few minutes. I soon became extremely seasick, not being used to a sailing vessel, and continued so the whole distance of sixty miles.

At eleven o'clock P.M. we landed, but the custom-house officer would not let us take anything away, and were conducted to the Widow Foster's, on Ocean Street, near the sea. We went immediately to our chamber, which was poor and badly furnished.

After breakfast, informed the hostess we had a letter for Eliza Arestrop, and if we liked her apartments, thought we would reside with her. We found everything more to our wishes at her house, more comforts and more suitable company, and soon had our baggage brought over. Dr. Joseph Shippen, mother and sister, Newton Baldwin, and ourselves, constituted the company.

21st. We feel like being at home. Delivered our letters of introduction to E. Fry and mother, from our own city, Eliza Arestrop, William Wood, I. A. Corea, and widow of Dr. Smith. Dr. Shippen introduced us to a person by the name of Dunlap, a grocer, or shipchandler on the wharf, whose store was the coffee-house, a place of resort for Americans. Our board is ten dollars each a week. We breakfast at eight o'clock, dine at two o'clock, and sup at seven o'clock. Our dinners were abundant, but breakfast and tea ordinary. They seldom had butter

on any of the islands that we could eat; but the landlady tries to please, and sets a good table. We felt satisfied she did all in her power to make us comfortable. She is now aged, and is one of the aristocracy of the island.

22d. The people have heard of the meeting that was held at St. Thomas, and were very solicitous we should hold meetings here, and our hostess has kindly offered her parlor and dining-room for the purpose.

Before announcing our wishes, we concluded to call on the Judge, and know his will, so that we need not trespass on the laws of the land. We found him a true democrat; knew no distinction of color. "All classes of citizens are placed," said he, "upon the same footing." He gave his entire approbation to our holding meetings, when and where we pleased, and even suggested the yard of Eliza Arestrop as being very suitable to hold a quiet meeting. Preliminaries being all arranged, word was given out that a meeting would be held in the parlors of Eliza Arestrop, at seven and a half o'clock, on first day evening, the twenty-fourth instant, if we might judge by the expression of the people, to much satisfaction. A large number gathered,

but some were highly indignant at remarks that were made, as at St. Thomas, relative to emancipation, telling us, after the meeting, that they were liberated only through insurrection, and would still be far better off in slavery, at that time; that it had only tended to make them a set of lazy, lounging loafers, and had deprived them, the whites, of their property, which the government of Denmark had no right to do; that before emancipation was proclaimed they were a happy people; but since, the most aristocratic among them have been reduced to poverty. They censured the Governor very highly, who made the proclamation, and said he would have lost his life, in consequence of the indignation of the people, had he not fled from the island; giving us a synopsis of the horrors of the scene during the time the insurrectionists were perambulating that town, as well as others on the island, which was horrible in the extreme.

The three islands, St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, as we have seen, were successively colonized by the Danes; supplied with slaves, imported by the Danish West India and Guiana Company, from the coast of Africa. This supply was, at a very early period in the history

of the colonies, greater than at the present time. A very large number were of the most savage character. When all the islands had been supplied, they numbered together over thirty-one thousand. To subdue them to bondage, and compel them to labor, led to the most rigorous measures. Life and limb were often sacrificed, that order might be maintained, and refractory spirits overcome. At first, almost unlimited power was held by masters over them. By degrees, the government restricted this power, and as civilization advanced placed the slaves under more humane laws. But little, however, had been done to bring them under the hallowed influence of Christianity, except by pious colonists. That the islands reaped a great advantage from the improved character of these slaves, there can be no doubt. After this, there were certain laws enacted, relative to the bondage of children; that at the age of twelve years it should entirely cease. It produced little or no demonstrations of joy when this was made known; discontent was rather manifested, and soon an insurrection was plotted. They felt more anxious than ever for the sweets of freedom. As their concerted plan was adopted,

great numbers joining with them, it astonished the people it had not been more extensively divulged. But few, if any, of the planters or citizens had the least knowledge of its existence; it was known, however, to some officers of the government, and warnings had been written from Tortola.

Seventh month second, ushered in the Sabbath morning of the commencement of the insurrection, with its usual quietness and peace. Towards evening a commotion was visible, but few felt any uneasiness. Simultaneously, alarms rang out from many estates, at the given signal, and as these alarms spread out from every part of the island, consternation and uproar, tumult and terror, spread on all sides; fear, in its most bitter form, seized upon the minds of the inhabitants of Frederickstadt and the estates contiguous, and many rushed immediately to the shipping lying in the harbor. Some of the inhabitants applied to the authorities to resist with military force, but were refused. The night was one of horror; terror conjectured the worst consequences, but no violence was offered during the night to persons or property, as its sleepless hours passed. A message was despatched, with all haste, to

Governor Van Scholter, informing him of the insurrection, and requesting his immediate presence. At eight o'clock, on the morning of the third, about two thousand negroes came into the town, armed with various weapons. They went directly to the fort,* and demanded their freedom, but were told that no one there had authority to grant their request.

Their number had now increased to three thousand, and their passions becoming greatly inflamed, they proceeded to the destruction of property. The police offices and judge's house were completely sacked, and documents of great importance destroyed, or scattered to the four winds. They now became more violent, and declared if their freedom was not proclaimed by four o'clock, they would burn the town, which

* This fort is a formidable structure, standing on the border of the sea, in the town of Frederickstadt, where a large number of soldiers are stationed; but, in this case, they could do nothing. The people were desperate; being driven to madness. I could but picture to my mind's eye their oppressed condition to be our own, we cannot tell what measures we might resort to, to gain our liberty, which, with many, is dearer than life itself. In their fury they tore up the whipping-post, which same thing we could have done, and attach no blame to them for so doing.

they had entirely in their possession, since the commencement of the insurrection. The very worst consequences were apprehended, if they should be resisted. A citizen, whom we know well, who fled to the fort for protection, imprudently made some remarks, which exasperated them. They immediately proceeded to his house and store, and laid everything waste. The Governor soon arrived and entered the fort; a great crowd of negroes had now gathered around the walls. Intense anxiety prevailed on every hand; the commander of the fort repeatedly asked for orders. At length, to the amazement of the officers and citizens, *freedom* was proclaimed from the ramparts, by the Governor, to all slaves in the Danish West India Islands, which the slaves could not believe. The third night a band of negroes attempted to enter the town, about ten o'clock. Efforts were made to prevent them; they were ordered back by the officers; not obeying, a blank cartridge was fired; still pressing on in the most daring and disorderly manner, grape-shot was at length poured in their ranks, killing several, and wounding many. One of the inhabitants told us she saw from the ship on which she had been placed,

fragments of bodies flying in the air, when they were fired on. They all now fled, and gave up their attempt upon the place. The following night was one of greater horror than those previous. Fires were everywhere visible, lighting up the very heavens. They had the entire possession of the island, except the fort. Most of the women and children had been conveyed to the shipping in the harbor. It was expected the slaves would plunder all the houses, and murder the inhabitants. In the country, however, the greatest disorder prevailed, and on many estates destruction was the result.

On the morning of the fourth the startling intelligence was announced of the insurrection of St. Thomas, and they were compelled to proclaim freedom at once, in the public streets, at the drum-head. A crowd of women and boys followed the drum, and shouted and danced merrily. It was received on the plantations in the most quiet manner, and all continued their work.

This was the case, too, at St. Croix; but they were afterward under great alarm at the latter place, requesting the militia from St. Thomas to come on, and sent to Porto Rico for Spanish troops, as well as to an English man-of-war lying

in the harbor of St. Thomas. Troops went on, and found them in great disorder, but were not marched out,—the Governor having gone on with them from St. Thomas. The next day, without the orders of the Governor, they were marched out, and the insurrection was quelled; but not until all the troops were procured from the two islands, as well as Spanish troops, numbering five hundred infantry, with a division of sappers and miners, and two pieces of ordnance.

The island now presented the most desolate appearance; great destruction of property and loss of life. The Governor immediately left the island for Denmark. That the slaves did not do greater violence, is the wonder of the greater part of the inhabitants, both in the destruction of property and sacrifice of the lives of the people, as they held at their mercy all that was possessed on the island, and had in their hands abundant means to inflame their passions, to promote rapine and murder. A good degree of order and quiet was eventually effected by the Spanish troops. Finding the emancipated slaves were many of them not inclined to labor on the plan-

tations for the small pittance of from four to ten cents a day, with one salt herring and a quart of meal, the planters considered this the great difficulty to be overcome.

This is where the difficulty lies in all the West India Islands. The owners of the plantations are not willing to pay the people for their labor, let them toil hard as they may. Twenty cents per day would insure laborers sufficient to do all the work, without the importation of Coolies, whom they impose on to the greatest extent. There would be no cry, "The people are idle," were it not that covetousness and cupidity bring about this state of things. They had been receiving the labor and life's blood of that poor oppressed people, without any remuneration save the salt herring and, as they told us, *musty* corn-meal. No wonder the people would not work, although we advised them to labor for the smallest pittance, rather than live in idleness. The same cry of idleness and indifference to labor is at this time being proclaimed by planters in the South, in our own country, but with no more truth than in the West Indies. The labor of the freed people is coveted in the still would-be Slave States, without any more compensation than be-

fore they were proclaimed free; and this iniquitous practice is being resorted to wherever the people of color, once in bondage, and being ignorant of their rights, are too defenceless to stand up like men. But we have a Congress of invincibles, who seem bound to protect them at all hazards.

I heard a thrilling lecture not long since, delivered by General O. O. Howard. His remarks on the cruelty of the planters towards this "robbed and spoiled people," gave full confirmation of their daily tragical and cruel treatment, even at this late period of their emancipation. The same cause will ever produce like effect in any country. What a blessing it would prove to all classes, on those islands, if some like those alluded to in our country, stood up boldly for the rights of the defenceless, regardless of fear or favor; free from covetousness and undue love of money, which is said to be the root of all evil.

On the twenty-ninth of seventh mo., 1849, ordinances were passed to compel all to resume work, and restrain laborers from leaving the estates; with many other stringent laws imposed upon them; but it did not prove successful.

The people had got a taste of freedom, and thought they were free, and would not consent to be again enslaved. The government of Denmark paid one hundred dollars per head for every slave that had been emancipated on the island; many believed it to be ruined; others hoped all would yet be well. At St. Thomas the most cruel measures were resorted to, to compel them to work. The heart sickened at the constant use of the whipping-post; but the people thought that better than to allow those to stand up as men, whose elevation and manhood it was then in their power to promote, and who should have acted as a father to his child when not able to walk alone. Another Governor, by the name of Hansen, was sent over, who was to act for the three islands, St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John. He found the ordinance, passed by the people, did not work well, and accordingly they all again assembled, and by mutual consent, with the sanction of the Governor, passed laws, which were sanctioned by the Danish government, which, we think, are as oppressive as the first; and when found to be less so, by the planters or their agents, as far as we ascertained by the slaves themselves, they fell back upon the old code, if unsuccessful with the

latter. Heavy penalties were annexed to their slightest omission of duties. Their first engagement is for a year, together with all their children included, between the ages of five and fifteen years, and other relatives who are remaining with them. The contract is made in writing; the use of a house, or dwelling-rooms, built and repaired by the estate, but to be kept in order by the laborers. The use of a piece of ground thirty feet square, for a first-class and second-class laborer. If it be standing ground, which we think is that of the poorest quality, fifty feet. Third-class laborers are not entitled to any, but it may be allowed by the employer. Wages at the rate of fifteen cents per day to every first-class laborer; second-class, ten cents; third-class, five cents only. When the usual allowance of meal and herring has been furnished, full weekly allowance shall be taken by the employer, for five cents a day, or twenty-five cents a week. No attachment of wages, for private debts, to be allowed; not more than two-thirds to be deducted for debts on the estate, unless otherwise ordered by the magistrate.

Let me, for a moment, take time to be allowed to ask the question, Are these *freed people*, to

whom liberty was proclaimed by the Governors of the islands, and sanctioned by the King of Denmark? If so, why those oppressive laws over the weak and hitherto downtrodden slaves? If this is freedom, who could desire it? But it is working in the West Indies just as it will in our Southern States,—as insurrections will break out everywhere under the same treatment and discipline. The late insurrection at Jamaica is but an example of what the other islands will be.

We are well acquainted with the houses or dwelling-rooms of which they speak, being small stone huts, with ground floor, and one or two little contracted windows. The piece of ground is generally in front, which they (the slaves) told us was trampled down so hard they could not cultivate it; and some that had the fifty feet, in the interior, told us, as soon as they had brought it to a state capable of producing, the employers said they would give them other plots, requiring theirs for very particular uses. The third-class laborers are not entitled to any. Now, if this class be the most inefficient, and the least able to procure subsistence by their labor, what are they to do? The five cents per day merely pays for the meal and herring; how are they to procure

clothing, or any of the necessities of life? What are they to do when sick? We saw no provision made for them anywhere, except at St. Thomas, and we presume very little was done for them there. What has the first-class laborer left after he has paid twenty-five cents per week out of his fifteen cents per day? He has but fifty cents for his week's work, for the clothing of himself and family, and, it may be, sick and aged among them, who must endure great privation and suffering as a consequence. And the second-class laborer is still worse off,—the herring and meal of itself absorbing just half his wages. What tyranny! what usurpation! They talk of redress for grievances through the magistrate, or judge; but they are not allowed to leave the plantations; and if they were, supposing the magistrate takes part with the planters, where are they to find redress? In consequence of this, large numbers of them will not work on the plantations; they had rather spend their time in almost any other way to procure a subsistence, as the labor is excessively hard, under a tropical sun, and after all, they receive next to nothing for it,—the proprietors of the soil then, as at this time, designing to make their labor as remunerative to themselves,

as when in slavery. The sick, infirm, and aged persons, shall be attended to where they are domiciled, by their nearest relatives. No parents, or children of such infirm persons, shall remove from an estate, leaving them behind, without making provision for them to the owner or magistrate. I ask, in the name of humanity, how they are to make it? Could any law be more oppressive? But would not all our Southern, as well as Northern, advocates of this unjust system, willingly do the same thing, and bring about a second advent of the horrible and inhuman system of slavery, of which poverty of language is not capable of setting forth to the full? We must be on the spot to realize its cruelty; we must mingle and enlist our sympathies in the cause of the oppressed, before we can know what they suffer. For all this we had a fair opportunity, eighteen months since, of many long months' sojourn on most of the West India Islands.

CHAPTER VII.

FREDERICKSTADT—ST. CROIX—VICE AND IMMORALITY.

THE town of Frederickstadt is prettily situated on the sea. When the easterly winds prevail that blow over the island, the sea, for two or three miles out, is calm like a river; but when north and west winds prevail, it is difficult for vessels to ride at anchor near the shore, the sea at times being tremendous. The main street is along the seaside, and open to it, half a mile long, sparsely built on, a few blocks, and then an occasional house. The streets running from the sea east are mostly built upon. The houses are built with stone basements, and wood above, making a two-story building; a few are three-stories. They are so constructed as to let the air pass constantly through every apartment; a few have glass windows; some Venetian blinds or shutters. There is very little business done here. There is an arsenal and fort, post-office, and residence of the judge, whose name is Sallow, a Dane by birth, and who speaks broken English. We

found him liberal, and disposed to recognize the liberty and equality of men.

The people are mostly poor, and the lower class in a wretched condition; in consequence of having no labor to perform, their habits have become idle and vicious. But the whites are considered far more in fault than the liberated slaves, as firstly the tendency of slavery is always downward, and its every feature calculated to produce vice and immorality, equally among the whites as the people of color, as the term morality is scarcely recognized on the islands. What has done all this but slavery? Slavery in its first and second advent.

We spent ten weeks on this Island of St. Croix, and should we bring before the view of the reader all the misery, wretchedness, and debauchery we have seen during our lives, it could bear no comparison to what we saw on the Island of St. Croix alone. Although we were told in Havana, where slavery exists in its worst form, that we would find St. Croix a delightful and quiet retreat for invalids, and as I was one who required such a spot, my song was on our arrival, "All hail to the land of the free!"

We soon found the tone of our impressions

and feelings were greatly changed ; that instead of its being quiet, it is nothing short of confusion, both night and day, with quarrels, swearing, whipping children without mercy ; husbands and wives fighting, the screams almost continually being heard of one class or other, as if Bedlam had broken loose, and the inmates were having a jubilee,—all which is to be attributed entirely to the great injustice of the whites, in not being willing to pay them for their labor. A great part of the islands lie uncultivated because of this. As a consequence they run into all kinds of excesses. The better class among them especially mechanics, do rise, and break through every obstruction, considerable numbers of them being very well off and respectable. We were often kept awake until a late hour of the night by these sounds. We concluded if this was considered a fine place for invalids (except the delightful atmosphere), they must have stronger nerves than ours for such endurance. Until we found this course of things was perpetual, we could but think every night there must be an uprising. It was nothing unusual for us, when we sat down to our meals, to have a serious alarm before we got half through, either from the street or small

houses near us. Not unfrequently has myself, or dear husband, left our meals to go and see what was the matter, to remonstrate against their conduct, and pour oil on the troubled waters. Daily we walked the streets of Frederickstadt, endeavoring to exert all our influence for the benefit of both whites and colored, holding meetings among them whenever we could procure a building, for the purpose of giving them counsel on morality and industry, and for which they seemed very grateful, saying they would work if they were paid for it; that twenty cents per day would satisfy all their demands, and they could live on that; which was confirmed by an agent on one of the plantations, as well as by many others.

The land being exceedingly rich and productive, with an ordinary amount of labor, the whole island under cultivation, would pour into the laps of all classes, millions of the staples. They now continually complain of having such small yields from their great plantations, or estates as they call them. "Short crops" is the household lamentation everywhere; but why? was our oft-repeated interrogation. When the invariable answer was, "The people are idle; they will not work." We ever had a ready answer, that their

statement had been proved incorrect, as we found they all wished to work, but they expected to be paid for it, which the owners of estates would not do. As a consequence, their land is not half tilled on this island, and that portion which is, but very poorly. Hence the idleness, poverty, and wretchedness of the people, great immoralities following in their train.

We not unfrequently, in our ramblings, made our calculations, what an enormous income would arise from the right kind of culture in charge of men who should enlist all their energies in such an enterprise, making it a company concern, allowing each laborer an interest in the laudable engagement, as Horace Greeley once did, and perhaps now does, with his journeymen printers. All then would be equally interested, all anxious to see how much they could accomplish, being ambitious to rise. Such a philanthropic measure would do more towards the elevation of the people of those islands, both white and colored, than all the missionaries or clergy that have been paid for their services among them for the last two hundred years. The people demand justice, but it is not granted; and the clergy can only tell

them to submit to their degradation in silence ; but this they will not do.

We felt it our duty to labor with the whites, rather than the people of color, relative to the state of society, as well as the impoverished condition of that island, and all others we visited ; which we greatly desired might prove useful to them, as the remedy lies almost exclusively with the whites, whose avarice and cupidity are too conspicuous not to speak for itself. It stands out on every hand, seen by each passer-by. The change so much desired, if ever effected, we felt assured must be commenced and entered into by them.

The weather was very hot at midday, and my weak state would not admit of my being out much at that time. I arose at an early hour, and went over different parts of the town. The colored people, of the class before described, had crawled out from their hiding-places, from old dilapidated shanties, cellars, or hovels, of which there is a goodly number. The exhibition daily presented was appalling. Their clothing was a mass of rags, dirty and filthy in every respect ; some of the children in a state of nudity, and most of them but little better off. Their practices in the

centre of the streets too revolting to set forth, and which often prevented me from inviting my dear husband to walk out with me in the morning. As usual, they were always wrangling and bringing accusations against each other, while I oft used efforts to calm the fury of their tempers, and was sometimes successful. I saw at a short distance, and heard one morning the imprecations of a woman to a man in her shanty, who, she said, had stolen some of her little earnings. She rushed out of her wretched abode to call a policeman, the man declaring he was innocent. I begged her to wait a little, and make further investigation, that she might find her mistake. She listened to me, and we heard no more of that case; she may, however, have stated the case to the police. We were convinced daily, that if the right kind of influence was exerted over this downtrodden class, they might yet be brought out of their degradation, notwithstanding the curse of slavery is upon them as well as the whites. Paying them an equivalent for their labor, and furnishing them with plenty of it, would do much towards a radical change. This is a foul blot on all the inhabitants of those islands, and some are repenting having done so

little to promote the moral condition of the people. Sordid covetousness, and a determination to force the freed people to work for a pittance, has induced them to import Coolies, to starve out their own native-born citizens.

We often remarked while on this island, where every facility was at hand for producing all the staples cultivated there, what wonders might be brought about, not only in the state of society, but in accumulation of wealth, if the laborers were paid as they should be.

We were informed colored people were often decoyed from other islands, to their great chagrin and discomfort, paying them no more than they do their own people, with which they are greatly dissatisfied. This intelligence we had from a man on the plantation where a large number had recently been brought from Barbadoes. He told us all were dissatisfied; they thought they were going to Demarara, where they would receive better pay, until they arrived at St. Croix. They all meant to return to Barbadoes if possible, saying they were decoyed and brought on to that island.

The costume of the people of color is perfectly grotesque. The dress of the women is a very short petticoat, extending a little below the knees, with

a kind of tunic outside, bare ankles, feet without shoes, hair arranged in all manner of ways; those pretty, will wear a gown over the petticoat, tucked up in some curious style, quite knee high, with bare limbs and feet like the first, but with the addition of a Madras handkerchief on their heads. It being a favorite walk on the sea-shore in front of the fort, we oft repaired thither after the rays of a burning tropical sun had sunk in the west, leaving the atmosphere cool and balmy. Here we always found a large number of the class above described, in the kind of costume spoken of; they seemed delighted to make an exhibition before the soldiers, and we thought they were well pleased in their turn, as they soon struck up their music, with which the colored women seemed enchanted, and commenced a kind of dance.

The grounds around the fort are laid out with considerable taste, and form a pleasant promenade for all classes in the cool of the day or evening. The beauty of this spot is seldom surpassed. An inlet is on one side of the fort, extending a considerable distance into the country; it might well be called an arm of the sea. It is a great place for ablutions, and numbers of women

may be seen at all hours of the day, standing knee deep in the water washing clothes, not battling them with a stick as when performing the same kind of labor on the shore. After they presume them sufficiently cleansed, they are hung on bushes, of which there is a plentiful supply around this charming spot. A kind of ornamental tree we never saw except on this and other West India islands, is very beautiful; the leaves are of a living green at all seasons of the year, while immense quantities of pods hang from the trees, something like that of the honey locust, but ten times larger, and beautiful in color, being a rich yellow. There is a great variety of flowering trees, but some of those of much beauty, umbrageous, and charming in form, were proven to be so poisonous, that we feared to touch or even walk under them. Beauty, even in its apparently mildest form, is not always to be approached in safety.

The climate is delightful, the temperature ranging from seventy to eighty-four degrees; but frequent showers occur, making calculation for clear weather quite uncertain, and preparation for changes always necessary. At this season there is but little fruit, and indeed it is much neglected on

the island generally. The East End, or Christianstadt, is much the largest place, and does most of the business of the island. The Governor resides there, courts are held, and the bank and public buildings mostly are there. It is surrounded on the south by high hills or mountains, on the west by the sea. The surroundings are poor, and the attraction for strangers much less than at Frederickstadt.

24th. First day; is observed as a day of rest; some of our boarders went to church. We observed the people looked tolerably decent to-day, which bespeaks well of the day, if only to effect a day of clearing up. We held our meeting in the two parlors, which were well filled. The people did not seem to consider that true worship was to be performed in quiet, secret introversion of soul; they kept unsettled for some time. At length they were called to stillness, as the true preparation for acceptable worship; then was unfolded the nature of the Gospel in all its essentials. The audience seemed very attentive. The nature of the new birth was clearly explained, and what it would do for all who knew it, and listened to the voice of God in the soul; it would redeem them from all vice and injus-

tice, and teach them to do to others as they would others should do to them; it would put an end to wars and fighting, and all manner of evil in the world; make good fathers, good mothers, good sons, and good daughters, and constitute the beginning of that kingdom on earth where dwelleth righteousness, &c. Also, the duty that devolved on the strong, to help to bear the infirmities of the weak; exhorting the poor to industry and frugality, and to go out on plantations and till the soil, rather than live in idleness and rags. The meeting closed to satisfaction.

Desires were expressed for us to hold another meeting, but my health being delicate, my dear husband could not consent, and it was postponed for the present; a very kind townsman offering us his house, when we felt like it.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEAUTY OF THE ROADS—COOLIES—BASSIN, OR CHRISTIAN-STADT—VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR.

22d. WE took a carriage for two hours, for which we paid four dollars, and rode to Ham's Bluff, a point of land overlooking the sea; it is about four miles from our home. We invited the mother of Dr. Shippen, and young Baldwin, an invalid, to go with us, making an agreeable addition to our company. It was a most charming ride, the whole distance on the sea-shore, and like all the other roads on the island, of unparalleled beauty and excellence. Indeed, we had never seen such in any country. They are composed of white gravel and sand, which seems as hard as flint, while they are smooth as a house-floor; very broad, with a row of cocoanut palm, or other ornamental trees, on either side. We passed many plantations, or, as they call them, estates, each one having a fancy name; all cultivating sugar-cane upon them. Here we saw

large numbers of laborers on the plantations, engaged, some in cutting, some in planting, and some in digging holes to put out cane. We saw many Coolies engaged at work, whose appearance was very repulsive, being at their work in a state of nudity, with the exception of a piece of cotton cloth, put round the body; while women as well as men are engaged in labor on the same spot. Their labor appeared to be very hard, especially where they were digging holes for planting. The hoes are very heavy, and they seem to think it needful to raise them above their heads before striking them in the ground, which made the labor much more oppressive. The cane crop this year will be a failure on many estates, owing to the great drought on the island, but we think for want of proper cultivation as well.

A short distance from the sea rise, for many miles around, a large number of conical hills, forming an amphitheatre of surpassing beauty. They are planted with cane, which is of a vivid green, and are accessible on all sides by terraces formed quite around them. They look splendid in the extreme. We saw large numbers of women and children pulling out the weeds and grass among the cane; many of the women

bowed with age. The labor on those hills was much harder than where we had seen them at work below. If we happened to be out near nightfall, we saw the aged women coming in with heavy loads of grass, weeds, or sticks, on their backs, which they told us they had been a long distance to gather, and would bring them but three or four cents a bundle in the town. Many of them had large elephanta feet and limbs, swollen very much, resembling an elephant's. Our hearts were deeply moved at the sight. They were wretchedly clad, hungry, and destitute of every comfort in life. We, of course, did minister to their necessities, and turned from them with feelings of deep sorrow, in that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Next morning, my dear husband received a letter from the judge, requesting an interview. He did so, calling on him at twelve o'clock, and was informed that the Governor had heard there was a lady preaching doctrines on religion, equal rights, politics, and morality, that were setting the people crazy. He desired to know who she was, and what she was preaching, and whether in the open air, or in houses; and requested we

would state, in a letter to him, the necessary reply, which my husband did, as follows. We then queried whether this request was to place a prohibition on our holding any other meeting, and was answered, "No! we might act as we thought best on the subject,—no restriction was imposed." We then queried whether we had not best suspend holding any other meeting until we saw the Governor, which we would do early in the next week, and was answered, "Use your own pleasure." Here follows a copy of the letter sent to the judge, which he was to send to the Governor.

FREDERICKSTADT, 1st mo. 28th, 1864.

RESPECTED JUDGE:

It is with pleasure we respond to the request thou hast made. The name of my wife is Rachel Wilson Moore. She has held two meetings only, with thy approval, but none in the open air, as thou suggested would be proper and convenient. Both were held in the parlors at our boarding-house. She is a minister of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania; for the evidence of which we have a certificate, signed by a number of Friends of Green Street Monthly Meeting, where we belong. Our preachers do not premeditate what they shall say, but speak as they feel impressed by the Holy Spirit. The subjects on which they discourse is to direct mankind to the gift of God, within themselves, which teaches what is right and what is wrong, agreeably to the Apostolic declaration, "A measure, or manifestation of the Spirit, is

given to every man to profit withal." In the illustration of this principle of truth, she alluded to the benign laws and happy government that exists here, as we supposed, when our feet first pressed your soil ; and what course, in her opinion, might be adopted, in a social point of view, to benefit every class. We expect to visit Christianstadt, on second day (Monday), next, or one day early in the week, when we will be gratified to call on the Governor, and show him who we are, and of our standing at home ; and in the meantime, I take pleasure in referring to my friend, Adam McCutchin, who is personally acquainted with me.

Very respectfully, thy friend,

J. WILSON MOORE.

Second month 1st, 1864. We have received twelve or thirteen letters from our friends at home ; the latest date was twelfth month 16th, 1863. We hailed the package with much joy, and although we received the intelligence of many dear friends' departure, amongst whom were Samuel Myers, William Parrish, Hannah Jones, William George, J. Bunting, and Charles Shoemaker, yet we also learned of many gratifying incidents that were taking place, and that our own concerns were going on satisfactorily.

We are situated very comfortably, with companions of good, sound principles, and kind associates, and spend our time reading, writing, walking about, and in social conversation.

The day looks fine. We have taken a carriage, for seven dollars, and are going to Bassin, or Christianstadt, accompanied by Eliza Arestrop. It is upwards of two hours' ride.

We arrived about eleven o'clock, and went to Charles and Anne Hallison's, granddaughter of Eliza Arestrop, who had invited us previously, when we visited the East End, to come to their house. We were very kindly entertained, and soon joined by her mother, Mary Jane Stackman, and husband, Judge John Stackman, who we found very agreeable persons. They kindly invited us to make them a visit. We soon called on our friend Adam McCutchin, who introduced his daughter Kate, and enjoined her to entertain us, should he not be present. We were to call at one o'clock, to visit the Governor. He offered us, in the way of funds, anything we wanted, at the same time told my dear husband he would introduce him to the manager of the bank, if he desired it. They accordingly went to the bank, and made arrangements for an exchange in gold.

At the time appointed, we called on the Governor. He told us, but gave it little credit from the first, what he had heard, which was a very incorrect story. After much conversation be-

tween us, on the topics of religion and political economy, &c., I asked him whether he wished us not to hold any meetings. He replied, *by no means* would he restrain us; that we were at liberty to do as we wished; he only thought it would be best not to hold them in the open air, lest an ungovernable crowd should get together; that he thought any advice relative to laborers not getting sufficient pay for their work might do them more harm than good; that they lived here under different conditions from what they do in the United States, and that the price of labor must be regulated by circumstances. Yet he would not interfere with our entire freedom. He knew no distinction of caste; all were citizens, and to be treated alike. I asked him if he thought from seven to fifteen cents a day, for labor, could elevate a man in self-respect? To which he replied, he did not. I then asked him if he did not think measures should be taken to bring about a change? To which he assented, but believed it would be a very difficult thing to accomplish, as the owners of lands would not be willing. I replied then, "Their condition is deplorable," relating many circumstances of the great degradation and want; that there was no

provision for the sick and aged; that they were wandering about the streets begging, without any of the comforts of life. To which he replied, he knew there was a vast amount of wrong being done on the island, which ought to be righted, but he did not see how it was to be done. I told him it was as plain as the rays of the sun what was to be done. Let the people be well paid for their labor; let them all have literary advantages; try to elevate them, and lift them out of their degradation; which would effect a radical change over that island, as well as all the rest. But it was plain to see, he feared his popularity, although he seemed a most kind and gentlemanly man; very affable in his manners, and entirely accessible. It seemed, indeed, as if we had access to his heart, and felt the warmth of its genial influence responding to all we advanced as being right. We took leave with the kindest feelings.

We then went to Adam McCutchin's, and were introduced to another daughter, Jane, older than Kate. They had both been educated at Burlington, New Jersey, at Bishop Doane's Institution.

We then took a ride in Judge Stackman's carriage, which was kindly brought up for our use,

and rode around the town, comparing its situation with the West End, and came to the conclusion that the West End was by far the most desirable for invalids. The country was richer and finer, walks and rides more beautiful, and a greater variety; streets wider and more airy. Indeed, everything to make a residence desirable was vastly more attainable at the West End.

After a collation at Charles Hallison's, we took our carriage for the West End, one hour after the time ordered, but we had not progressed over a mile out of town before a wheel became fastened, and we had to return to town and get it fixed, which could not be effected before the morning. It being too far for Eliza and myself to walk to the Judge's, and Eliza having a cousin, Francis Armstrong, and Augusta, his wife, near by, concluded to go there, and tell of our dilemma. They kindly offered us every accommodation we desired, and we spent a very agreeable evening, and had a refreshing sleep under their hospitable roof. After a breakfast at eight o'clock, our carriage being ready, we again started at nine o'clock for home, which we reached at eleven o'clock A. M.

The road is magnificent, is called the King's

highway, and is macadamized, and smooth as a floor. This road is fifteen miles in length, or rather is a splendid street, with a row of palm or cocoanut trees on each side, except occasionally a little break. It winds around the mountains, and the drive is charming. Sugar-cane plantations are continually in sight, and gangs of laborers at work. As we passed along, our thoughts were often turned to the multiplied blessings showered on this as well as the other islands by the great and good Father; but how poor the returns! We were informed by an agent that many plantations are thrown out for want of laborers, and property is much depreciated since emancipation.

Third month, 1st.—We are to lose our friends the Shippens, as they have taken board at Elizabeth Brady's. We are sorry to part with them; they are very agreeable companions. Their place is supplied by Dr. Henderson and wife, of Springfield, New Jersey. He came on account of a bronchial difficulty.

We took a ride in a carriage we hired for one dollar and twenty-five cents. The horse is one of those poor little creatures that requires the constant application of a whip. We rebelled against

such an animal, and the owner promised us a better one in future.

Second month, 4th, 1864.—This is the fifth of the week, and the day has been passed in dressmaking, as the weather is warm, and my clothing on hand not at all suitable for this temperature. The thermometer now stands seventy-six degrees, and windy.

We saw large fields of sugar-cane in the valleys, and grass and shrubbery covering the mountain-tops. The ride was beautiful, and scenery romantic, fine mansions on every plantation, with their small cabins and sugar-house, and other buildings for preparing the sugar for market. Since the emancipation, in 1848, many laborers have left the plantations, and congregated in the town, constituting a population of poverty, distress, and wretchedness.

CHAPTER IX.

SCHOOLS—SUGAR GRINDING—DRIVES—VISITS TO PLANTATIONS—MOUNT WASHINGTON—MOUNT VICTORY—HARBOR OF FREDERICKSTADT—STREETS—MARKETS—BIRDS—GAME.

THERE are a few schools on the island, that were instituted long before emancipation, where children of all classes, without distinction of color, may attend school for a limited time. One of the teachers told us that few of them could read or write so that it could be understood when they left the school, which is at an early age. We also visited some paying-schools, where white and colored attend. The sum demanded for schooling is not large; if it were, the parents would not be able to pay it. Neither of the requisites, books, paper, or anything else, is furnished them. I think I counted as many as eight or ten looking over one old torn book; they of course make but little advance. On leaving them we felt it right to give them means to procure books, and had a

very satisfactory opportunity with a large number of scholars.

Marriages take place between whites and natives, and although there exists a feeling of aristocracy with some, yet we think caste is fast passing away.

We passed by Negro Bay Estate, which formerly belonged to the Titcun family; also, Beck's Grove, on which Sallie Irving's money is placed, of which my dear husband long had the charge, being her trustee.

Second month, 7th.—We have applied to the Moravian minister here to let us use his school-house on first day afternoon, to hold a meeting, but he did not seem willing, excusing himself by informing us he had not heard from the superintendent, who had charge of such things. We held a meeting in the parlors of Eliza Arethrop this evening, when quite a respectable congregation assembled at seven and a half o'clock. The subject of silent worship was brought into view, and the meeting ended well.

Second and third days spent in answering letters. The wind is high, thermometer at noon eighty-one degrees; only seven degrees between the thermometer in the shade and that in the

sun, and even where the sun is very oppressive, I have not discovered more than ten to twelve degrees difference.

10th. It blew and rained hard in the night. Thermometer seventy degrees; at noon eighty, and in the sun ninety. We find the thermometer in shade and sun varies at the same time of day from ten to twelve degrees; whilst exceedingly oppressive in the sun, it will be comfortable in the shade, owing to the breezes that prevail east and southeast.

We visited this morning, at ten o'clock, the sugar-grinding on the estate called the Two Brothers, belonging to ———. They grind by a windmill, with two large upright cylinders, about eighteen inches in diameter, and three feet high. They throw in an armful of cane at a time; it is crushed, and the juice flows into a trough, and is conveyed by a conductor into the boiling-house into large boilers containing two hundred and fifty gallons each, four of which when boiled makes about one hogshead of sugar. The scum or refuse is put into large vats with water, and afterwards finally made into rum. The sugar, when boiled, is put into coolers, where it granulates; the stalks are taken to a

shed, and used as fuel to boil the sugar. We were of the opinion that the stalks, if put into vats and steeped in water, would impregnate the water sufficiently to make vinegar, after which the cane could be used for fuel. The manager told us they never did that.

Our ride yesterday afternoon, one hour and a quarter, was by La Grange and Prosperity, through a valley, and along a stream of water to Oxford, about five miles and back. All the estates we passed had the appearance of decay.

11th. In a conversation that took place with R. G. Knight, a friend of Henderson's, a planter of wealth and influence, we were informed that there was a legislative council on that island, and they had the power to legislate for themselves, and that the members were elected every three years, and that all who paid their taxes, and possessed a certain amount of property, had the right of franchise, without distinction of color; that Bassin had five electors, three of whom were colored, elected about two weeks since; West End had three electors. That a distinction of color did exist to a certain extent, particularly between the English; the Danes made no difference; they married and intermarried, and thought

it all right. We were talking with one of the electors of the West End, and asked him in his own case would he associate with one of his colored colleagues in a social capacity? He answered that he had not, but did not say he would not. He stated that Governor Sharston had tried to do away caste, but had failed in his efforts, though they mixed in all business affairs, in meetings, &c.

On the sixteenth, we held a meeting at the house of the gentleman (a Creole) who some time previous had extended an invitation to us. It was well attended and satisfactory. The end of man's creation, and his duty to our beneficent Creator, and to each other, were brought into view, and it ended well, in which all honor and praise is due to the Author of all good.

On the thirteenth, we had taken a lovely ride to Mount Washington, then up the mountain to an estate called Prosperity, a most sequestered spot. The prospect could not be surpassed in beauty, only the grounds suffered for want of proper cultivation.

On the seventeenth, we informed E. Arestrop, our hostess, that as several of our friends had gone to take lodgings with E. Brady, we thought

we should like to be with them, which we afterward regretted, as E. Brady's house became greatly crowded, and we had plenty of room and pretty comfortable fare at E. Arestrop's. Soon after this we received letters from our friends. None can realize the pleasure it affords, save those who are far away from friends and kindred, in a land of strangers.

Second month, 19th.—To-day we rode out to an estate called Hannah's Rest, where were some of my dear husband's friends boarding. All the estates are going down, and the once costly mansions decay for want of care as well as cultivation, while twenty cents per day for labor would make all to blossom as the rose, and yield an hundred-fold. We were told oftentimes that no freemen, emancipated as they are, were allowed to hire or purchase an acre of land to show what free labor and industry could do; and the same statement was confirmed by a merchant at St. Thomas, saying at the same time the Islanders would never consent to that. I queried with him to know if that was justice; he did not care to answer, and soon took leave, after our giving our views on the subject without reserve.

To-day, three o'clock, some of our friends from

Bassin called on us, and we enjoyed the interview much, as well as the visitors. Oh! how watchful we should be, both in going out and coming in before the people. We require our faith and patience oft renewed in the arm of Omnipotence. Oh! for a closer "walk with God."

On the twentieth, our hearts more buoyant, for which we feel thankful. We rose early this morn, to take a walk out, and saw wretchedness in all its horrors; many begging us for a penny; others for a stiver, saying, "We are starving;" some showing us their elephantine feet and limbs, swollen to a dreadful extent, not unfrequently with sores upon them resembling cancers. It must have been a hard heart to turn from such objects of pity, without relieving them for the time being, at least. This was of every-day occurrence, if we walked out. Another distressing feature presented at all times in the streets, and not unfrequently at our boarding-places, was young colored girls with white infants, or children that could walk and talk. On my asking if they were married, the answer was always in the negative. "To whom, then, do these children belong?" The return was quick as thought, "To such a gentleman down town, on a planta-

tion, gone to Denmark, England," or somewhere else. Some of them, whose children could talk, would say to the poor child of shame, "Tell this lady and gentleman your papa's name," which prudence forbids our giving. Now, this is no sham; but may be seen at all hours of the day. On one of those walks we saw a terrible piece of deformity, with one little being by the hand, and another in her arms. On coming up to her I thought how cruel the white woman was that gave her such a charge, as it looked as if she would have hard work to take care of herself. It had been raining, and she was draggled to the knees. I inquired whose children they were. "Mine, madam," was the answer. "Art thou married?" I asked. She replied, "No, ma'am; their father," so and so. We came to the conclusion, after seeing that woman, the lowest could find a *mate*. What are we to think of the state of society where such enormities prevail everywhere? It caused our spirits to die within us at what we saw and heard. Marriages, we were told, seldom occur among any class, while the streets are lined with children. This is much the case on all the islands,—being the direful result of slavery, and like our Southern planters, the whites disapprove

of amalgamation. We even told them we should like to see precept and example agree better than it did there. It is a remarkable fact that the children of a white father, as far as our observation went, are generally white, or nearly so; but when the mother is white and father colored, the children generally are very dark. Now, we gave no counsel as to union between the races, viewing it as a matter of taste; if an honorable marriage takes place, we felt we had no business with the subject; but did feel if girls of color were suited for the mates of white men, they were suited for their brides as well; and he must be one of the low and degraded of the earth who could act otherwise. Now, I know this will be termed indelicate to treat on this subject at such length, but how are we to find a remedy, save in outspoken truths?

We rode out every day to different estates, and once called on an overseer, a Dane, who, with his wife, gave us much useful information relative to what could be done, would the owners pay twenty cents per day. They do not like the Coolies. He told us great difficulty was created by compelling the laborers to remain such a length of time on certain plantations, saying, "They should

be well paid, and never detained against their will." He spoke of the schools as of but little account. Children may attend them until ten years of age, but gave the same version of their acquirements as others had done, that few, when they left school, could read or write; so they are growing up in ignorance as well as bad habits. He told us people would have more self-respect if educated; that most who came there from Barbadoes could read and write.

21st. First day. I attended a Swedenborgian meeting. They are a little company, the master of which was the kind man who invited us to hold a meeting in his commodious parlor, when we could obtain a place nowhere else. I felt it a duty, and gave them, at the close, some suitable counsel, which was kindly received. We have ardently desired to attend strictly to the pointings of truth, long having felt a strong desire to visit these islands; but was so ill when leaving home, I did not expect to attend one meeting, only as way has opened for it in the truth. As the people made the appointments, in every instance, we attended them, to the peace of our own minds, and, we trust, the counsel left with all classes will not be forgotten, but like "bread cast

on the waters, will be found after many days." Our abolition views and feelings were repulsive to some; while to others nothing could have been more encouraging.

Yesterday, twenty-third, spent some time writing our friends, and the day following took a ride to Mount Victory, but our horse did not prove adequate to the trip, and we had to return. This island exceeds all others for charming walks and drives, leaving out the sad sights seen in all directions; of poor old bowed men and women returning from work, with heavy loads of grass, or little sticks, from some far-off spot in the interior, where they had been procured by hard labor, for which three, or at most, four cents, are all they get for them. It is against the law for a slave to cut a stick large enough for a cane, or to pull a bunch of grass. We often saw them gathering sticks and thorns to cook their meals with, and we were told they made soup from the wild cactus, which is abundant on the islands. The natives told us their having been compelled to go so much among them with their bare feet, had produced elephantiasis in their feet and limbs, although my dear husband said there was another cause.

We have now been mostly in our chamber for several days; the wind having been southeast, quite cool, and a great draught in our room, we find it quite uncomfortable. Towards evening we went on the plaza, for a short time, but found it too cool, and soon after had cough and pain in the side, but after using the restoratives prescribed by my dear husband, I began to improve, and it was not long before I was nearly as well as ever, as the weather changed and became mild. We often rambled on the sea-shore, and gathered shells and other curiosities. We brought a large quantity with us to the United States, which, with many West India fruits preserved in glass jars, have been highly interesting to our friends and others who have visited us.

We have some of our friends here from St. Thomas, on whom we called to-day.

29th. We took a ride along the sea about five miles. The road is much as if prepared for cars to run on,—so smooth and level; trees of various kinds, very beautiful. What a sad reflection, that where our good Father has scattered His blessings with so liberal a hand, that all should have been prostituted to the curse of slavery! On our way back we passed many graves, near

the bank, along the sea-shore. We could scarcely conjecture why the inhabitants chose that spot, but were told the graves were made there before they began to have grounds appropriated for that purpose only. Some of them had an air of grandeur, with splendid ornamental trees waving over them. Some said families find rest there, but it seemed to us of little importance any way. We visited an estate at La Grange, on our return from Ham's Bluff, where sugar-making was going on; but it has been described, and needs no further comment. The syrup is called "sling," and is used in the place of butter.

The day is fine; thermometer from seventy-five to eighty. We now begin to long for the comforts of home. Near this time a fellow-companion arrived from New York, who appeared in the last stage of consumption, son of J. Shotwell. He remained with us while we stayed on the island, and after we left took passage for New York, in company with Dr. Henderson and wife, from New Jersey, but died on the passage home. His remains were, however, not committed to the watery elements, as is generally the case, but carried into his native city, where his friends could have the sad satisfaction of seeing the life-

less remains deposited in the home of his childhood, before laying it away in one of the silent halls of death. He was an interesting young man, and gained the love and good-will of all who knew him. Such is human life; "in the morning the flower flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

We have held two meetings at the house of Elizabeth Brady, our hostess, a very kind woman.

Third month, 8th. We took another ride to Mount Victory, and were highly delighted with the beautiful scenery. The cone-like hills rising in the distance, covered with rich foliage, gave them a splendid appearance. The horses here are small and poorly kept, but sometimes they become quite unmanageable, as we proved more than once,—coming near losing our lives, as we were riding out, on two occasions; we were only saved after the horse had run for a considerable distance, and seemed bent on diving into the sea. By means few would have thought of, my dear husband succeeded in changing his course, and ran him into a stack of sugar-cane stalks, which some laborers and the proprietor seeing, ran to our assistance and saved our lives. We after-

ward had another narrow escape, but not so alarming as the first.

As we rode along, we passed fields of sugar-cane, reaching, in many places, the very summit of the hills, six to seven hundred feet above the ocean. Along this enchanting road we travel on. Leaving Sprat's Hall on the left, we ascend a long winding hill to Mount Victory. The estate is owned by William Moore, and is the country residence of his family in the summer. The mansion is placed in a valley, surrounded by high hills, on which you look from every quarter, covered with sugar-cane, or planted in grass. Leaving this estate, we passed Rose Hill, on which a windmill is situated, on a little peak of a mountain; and passing by, we soon came on the Annaly Estate, which is large, and sold not long since for forty thousand dollars. Here we turn short to the right, and pass around a cooper-shop, and take the Mahogany Road, by another estate of William Moore, called Oxford, and managed by McGivan, who treated us kindly. He said Moore owned twelve estates on the island, and makes about three thousand hogs-heads of sugar annually from the estates. We here have a fine view of the sea and lagoon, with

numerous spurs of hills interlocking each other, rising one above the other, presenting a variety of separate mounds, beautifully cultivated with cane, or fields of grass, on which cattle and sheep and mules graze in great numbers. The road is serpentine, and descends for miles on a gentle slope, and shaded with filbert trees, sapodillas, and tamarinds, and several other trees of the forest. Near this spot, a man of color procured a coconut flower, very beautiful, which I preserved, and now have in my home; also the bread fruits, and many others. After leaving this beautiful landscape, we pass along Jolly Hill and La Grange, owned by Colonel Logans, and coming in by the seaside, we took the left to Frederickstadt, one mile.

Third month, 14th.—Nothing has occurred of sufficient importance to note since last date. I now resume my journal by stating that we have, within the last week, sent off many letters by G. W. Smith and J. Milligan, who expect to be, by first of fourth month, in New York.

Frederickstadt is situated on the east margin of the sea; its harbor is protected by Ham's Bluff on the north, and a point of land projecting into the sea on the south, on which is a lagoon of

two miles in extent, without any apparent inlet or outlet into the sea; the water is soft and looks muddy, forming a white foam, like soapsuds, as it flows toward the shore. This neck of land is overgrown with all kinds of shrubbery. The bay is as placid as a river, except when westwardly winds prevail; it then becomes rough and insecure. There are three schooners that trade regularly between this place and St. Thomas; they are the West End Packet, Captain James; the Maggie, Captain Watlington; and Starlight, Captain Golder; of which there is little choice, —our party preferring one, another party the other, and so on.

The buildings are constructed with stone basements, and frame dwellings above, having large windows, chiefly without sashes or glass. Some have Venitian blinds, others close shutters, to keep out the storms. The houses are mostly white-washed. The streets run at right angles. We occupy a house fronting a flower garden above Bay Street. The market is near, but very poor, either for meats, vegetables, or fruits. The poorest meats we ever saw are offered in these markets. Poultry does not appear to have been fattened at all. Vegetables and fruits scarce, and of the

most inferior quality, orange groves having been cut down, as we were told, to prevent the laborers from selling them. As an evidence, one of our boarders, being an invalid, passing some orange trees on a plantation, inquired of a colored man near if he could have half a dozen of those oranges. After receiving them he gave the man fifty cents; the owner heard of it and took the amount off the man's wages, nearly covering the labor of a week.

This state of things, and want of supplies, is attributed to emancipation. We told them it was deeper than that,—the system of slavery before emancipation, and now in its second advent.

The old inhabitants had lived extravagantly, and involved themselves in debt, from which they were unable to extricate themselves. Many of them dying, their estates were sold, and became the property of foreign creditors, and were given over to attorneys and managers. It being no longer desirable to keep up those costly mansions, all that could be gleaned was sent away to remunerate the proprietors; the consequence is, the estates are going down, owners are weary of them, throw them into market, and they are purchased by the attorneys and managers, many of them Irish, who cannot afford to make the

necessary outlay to restore them to their former beauty. We believe the time will come when every man, irrespective of color, will occupy his own estate, and sit under his vine and fig tree, where none can make him afraid.

Birds are very scarce on this island; no deer, squirrels, rabbits, or game of any description, except a few quails. We are more convinced every day that it will require a great length of time to bring this people out of their degradation.

Third month, 28th, second day morning.—The weather is boisterous and stormy, and the wind blows tremendously; wind east-southeast. This is a holiday. A party came from St. Thomas to enjoy a festival, or picnic. The rain must have interfered considerably with their hilarity, notwithstanding it was to take place on Prospect Estate. We visited Edward Hart and wife, from New York, last night, who have taken board with the Widow Foster. It seemed quite home-like to mingle with people from my native State. We met with a gentleman there who had explored the cave on the estate of Elizabeth Brady. It was found to contain several different apartments, and the ceilings were covered with formations of coral of a very curious variety. We brought home some specimens with us.

CHAPTER X.

DEPARTURE—ST. THOMAS—TRIP TO BARBADOES.

THIRD MONTH, 30th, 1864.—Feeling as if our time was nigh at hand for leaving the island, the object for which we were induced to come being, as far as appearances indicate, pretty well established, we left this beautiful island in the morning, about eleven o'clock, without much regret, in the schooner Maggie, under the command of Captain Watlington, for St. Thomas. We were seven hours and forty minutes performing the trip.

I felt gratified at the prospect of paying visits to other islands, but on leaving this could use the words of Cowper: "With all thy faults I love thee still." So charmingly beautiful, the day so calm, so lovely, and so bright, seemed like "the bridal of the earth and sky." We remained on the deck of our little vessel until I

became seasick, but recovered towards evening to see the silver orb moon and brilliant stars walk forth in their beauty. I had watched the broad hills we had left, until nothing but the gray outlines remained, overhung with fleecy clouds, tinged with purple and gold; and now, in the shadows of evening, we disembarked from our little boat, and were again on soil our feet had pressed before. All seemed glad to see us with whom we had formed acquaintance. On repairing to our hotel found it full, and we sought a resting-place at one nigh at hand, for a short time, waiting for the arrival of an English steamer to take us to Barbadoes. We had left most of our baggage in care of the housekeeper of our hotel before we left this island. We now gathered all together, not expecting to make another stop there. We added some more fine specimens of coral to our already accumulated stock, and put all in order, ready for our trip to Barbadoes. I must not omit saying that we were pleased with our accommodations at the latter hotel, kept by an Englishman named Bonelli, the fare good and house well kept.

I omitted stating the day before our departure the Episcopal minister made a formal call on us.

He appeared a kind, affable, and agreeable man. We had much conversation together on various subjects, all calculated, we hope, to make a good impression. Before we parted I told him there was one thing I wished to enjoin upon him, and as he was a professed minister of the Gospel, I thought he must feel the force of the proposition, which was the great importance of holding lectures every evening during the week for the advancement of moral culture. We had travelled much in the United States, Europe, and many other places, but in all our lives before, condensing the whole of the immoralities we had ever seen, they would poorly compare with the Danish Islands, especially St. Croix, adding, "Would it not be a feasible measure, as well as greatly to the improvement of all classes, to assemble with the better class of people on the island, and make this proposition, setting forth how the immoralities looked to the people visiting their island." His answer was, "Madam, if you will find out the better class, and let me know, I will try to do it; *I* should not know where to find them. I have been here so long," naming the time, "but I do not think I shall remain much longer." I believe I rightly remember his words,

which, I think, was responded to by one of the Islanders. Notwithstanding, there had been one hundred members confirmed by a bishop from Barbadoes, some two weeks previous, in the same church in which he presided.

The English steamer expected to-night, fourth month, 2d. The steamer Shannon arrived last night, and fired her salute-gun at six o'clock.

Fourth month, 3d. This morning my dear husband went on board the Thames to take our state-rooms for Barbadoes. The steward told him he could not give us a state-room until the passengers of the Shannon were accommodated, on account of its being another English steamer.

At nine o'clock next morning, the Thames fired her signal-gun, and the passengers understood that in one hour she would sail. We went on board at once, and took a state-room outside, and near the ladies' drawing-room; it was small, but cool, and we got on very well. About ten o'clock A.M., we weighed anchor and left the port of St. Thomas for Barbadoes. The day was fine; sea calm; wind ahead, making the atmosphere delightful and cool. Passed St. John's, and the Sugar-loaf Rock, that stands elevated and alone in the sea, St. John's, Tortola, and St. Croix,

not far distant, whose beautiful mountain-peaks kept in sight until about four o'clock, when the mist that hung over them closed them from our view.

These Caribee Islands are of great beauty, and are covered with verdure; all accounts well correspond as to their productiveness and fertility. It is wonderful to see so many of them, in the midst of the sea, but fit habitations for man. What blessings are scattered around us everywhere! as every clime has its multiplied advantages. These islands may well be called "gems of the ocean,"—so fraught with beauty and loveliness. We remained on deck as long as our eyes felt like watching the surging waves of the broad ocean. The stars looked down upon us in silent grandeur, telling mysterious tales of spheres equal as well as far more wonderful and magnificent than our own; proclaiming with silent though imposing eloquence the same Almighty Power that made us what we are; made mankind as well, each to perform a special mission, while harmony was the crown of all; the latter with capacities of mind for penetrating into the vast expanse of the solar system. Through science, worlds and systems of worlds have, of latter time, been brought

into view, unknown to man, save by the wonderful power of genius furnished by their Great Original. The astronomer points his telescope to the heavens, and penetrates the fields of blue ether, revealing to man the wonders of other worlds; though "no larger in appearance than the diamond that glitters on a lady's ring, it is really a mighty globe." We indulged in these reflections until the time for rest called us to our state-room, where all looked very comfortable for shipboard. We committed ourselves to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," after looking over in what manner we had spent the day just gone from us; ever bearing in mind the importance of doing the work of each day, as it passes, that "no follies we may have to lament," or that "we have lost a day."

We arose next morning before day, in order to see the sun rise. It is a sublime sight to see the sun rise, or set, at sea, appearing as if it rose out of, or set in, the ocean's broad bosom. The surrounding scenery is beautiful.

A nice warm breakfast, and then to our writing quietly on deck, where we saw much that was interesting.

Our passengers were about thirty in number,

chiefly Islanders and English, and were mostly Southern sympathizers. We got along very well, and enjoyed the trip much; our gentlemanly captain, a most affable and agreeable person, adding to our comfort, whose kindness we never can forget.

The morning of the sixth brought us opposite the harbor of St. Kitt's, or St. Christopher's, so called by some. The country looked mountainous, with beautiful lowland skirting the margin of the sea. It was cultivated with sugar-cane; and deep green foliage was seen from the gorges. Small cottages were numerous placed on various estates, for the accommodation of laborers, but we saw no splendid establishments for the aristocracy.

We anchored about six and a half o'clock, opposite the town of Basitar, where a number of passengers were added to our list, amongst whom was the Archbishop Gibbs, of the Episcopal Church, going to visit some of his parishes. He looked like a genteel English Friend, dressing in a plain frock coat, large hat, white cravat, &c. Here we procured some grapes, that were brought on board by colored men. They were not quite ripe, but answered better than nothing.

The Bishop informed us that St. Kitt's was one of the most fertile and productive of the British Islands; that their treasury was full; and that their laborers were paid from ten cents to one shilling a day. The fields looked green and beautiful, and the hilltops were clothed with verdure to their summits. The town is small, and wore the appearance of age and neglect; the architecture much the same as at St. Croix.

We passed the Island of Nevis, which is separated by a strait of about one mile wide. It resembles St. Kitt's in appearance; mountain rising above mountain; one overtopping all the rest, hiding the peak from our view. Passing these beautiful works of the Great Creator, our admiration was not merely confined thereto, but often had we to look from Nature's works to Nature's God. We passed another solitary rock in the sea, projecting sixty or one hundred feet above the water. Not far distant was the Island of Monserrat, which we passed without stopping. It presented to our view a conglomeration of rocks, rising into mountains, with occasional peaks, covered with shrubbery. We saw very little cultivation, but were told a few estates were cultivated on it. It is here Joseph Sturge had

estates, a celebrated English philanthropist. We were told one of his heirs had lately been on a visit to them. Off this island we saw a shoal of whales, and were informed that several vessels had been employed in the trade from one of the islands.

About three o'clock, we anchored in the harbor of Antigua, called English Harbor. It is a small harbor, but well protected from storms. There is no town here; merely a landing-place, and machine shops, and barracks for soldiers. As we passed along the coast we saw very little culture; a ridge of hills extending along the island, some distance from the coast, behind which, we were informed, some few estates lie. We passed Guadaloupe about twelve o'clock at night, without having any opportunity of seeing what it was like. Here we left the mail at Point-a-Pitre.

Moonlight over these islands adds greatly to the interest as we pass onward. Sitting on the deck of our noble steamer, with shadows resting on both land and sea, the sight was often too grand to tempt us to go below, so that we sat in the moonlight until a late hour at night; sometimes in contemplation, or prayerfully desiring

that we might be led about and instructed by Him who knows what is best for us; who will direct all our steps, as we look to Him as our polar star. The seed of Divine life has been planted in the Eden of every soul. "We have all been without sin there, until iniquity has been found in us." It is taking the government in our own hands, that has driven so many out of Eden! For although the seed sown may not vegetate early and bear fruit, if it is not trodden down and crushed, the sunlight of truth will ripen it into a full development of its power,—evincing that it is "world-wide, as well as world-old, in its growth," and even beyond; as "before the mountains were brought forth, or the hills were formed," this same principle, or heavenly seed, was with the divine Eternal One, as certainly as the day and time in which we live. My contemplations often wandered off in this direction, as I mused in the moonlight, on the "beautiful sea," beside the object of my happiest earthly hopes; but, alas, now no more beside me, but encircled in the icy arms of death. Severe has been the blow, although directed in wisdom; but well do I know Thou only, oh Lord, canst healing bring! Thou only can calm the troubled

spirit! and cause my poor soul to cling closer to Thee, in entire resignation and holy confidence, “that Thou doest all things well.”

At five and a half o'clock came to the Island of Dominica, another French island, which, like its fellow, presents a ridge of hills with barren tops. A plantation without improvements was accidentally seen along the coast. We left the mail at the town at Prince Rupert, which lies under high hills of irregular formation. There a number of boatmen came alongside with fruit, as oranges, bananas, shaddocks; also, potatoes and eggs. Their violent gesticulations and unknown gibberish, made a scene of confusion, and Frenchmanlike, it seemed as if every minute it would terminate in a violent battle; but fortunately it passed off without any harm being done. The day continued fine, sea delightful, and temperature very agreeable, and we pursued our voyage with renewed feelings of hope that all things would go on favorably.

About ten o'clock A. M. we came to the town of St. Pierre, in Martinico, where we left the mail. The town looks old and dilapidated for want of paint. There are no fine houses seen from ship-board, but shade trees are in great abundance.

This is a French island, and presents a better appearance than any we have passed. It is also mountainous, with deep gorges between them, interlocking each other, and forming a channel for the water that trickles down the mountains. Beneath these a strip of lowland is spread out, on which numerous small cottages for laborers are placed, and fields of cane are cultivated in small patches, presenting a picturesque scene, that is highly pleasing to the sight. The mountains back rise in magnificent grandeur, and are covered with shrubbery and stately trees of the forest. We are told Port Royal stands on the east side of the island, and is the seat of government and chief place of trade. The land slopes off to the south, with undulating hills, without much appearance of improvement. Small cottages are seen in various directions, but it would seem as if this part of the island had not attracted much attention.

As we leave Martinico on the south, with a rock elevated fifty feet above the sea, we see as in a mist the Island of St. Lucia, and steering south-east, in a few hours had a view of its mountains and valleys. There is nothing in the prospect that strikes us as possessing anything different

from the other islands, except its barren condition. We see but little culture, and no estates furnished with mansions and cottages; neither windmills or other factory for preparing sugar. The mountains are covered with shrubbery. We entered the harbor, on which stands Castries, the seaport. It is a small place and has but little interest. A fortress is on the top of one of the hills to the south. A few houses are scattered about the hills,—these are the residences of the *grandees* of the place.

Leaving our mail, we took a backward direction, and rounded the northwest end of the island, and directed our course on the east side to Barbadoes. Night closed upon us soon after leaving the harbor. This is an English possession, and of little value, having very little exports or cultivation. The day has been pleasant, although the thermometer is from eighty to eighty-six degrees. There was a fair wind, which rendered the atmosphere highly delightful.

Night closing upon us, and taking a retrospective glance of life, felt nothing but poverty of spirit. A prayerful desire to be furnished with a measure of Divine love was the silent intercession of the soul.

CHAPTER XI.

BARBADOES—ST. VINCENT—LANDING AT DEMERARA—
DRIVES—DEPARTURE.

THE night was passed in sweet sleep, and on waking found ourselves near the south end of Barbadoes. As we approached we discovered a ridge of hills running the length of the island, and forming the backbone, with here and there a copse of cocoanut trees, crowning the topmost peaks. The land from the sea rises in a succession of small hills, thickly dotted with small cottages, and cultivated with sugar-cane, which the planters were engaged in grinding, chiefly by windmills. There is very little woodland seen; every spot capable of cultivation is put into sugar-cane.

We reached the harbor of Bridgetown about eight and a half o'clock. The town stands on the bay, and extends for a mile along the margin of the sea. The houses look poor, but as we pass onward present a more inviting appearance.

It contains twenty-six thousand inhabitants, and is the capital of the island.

Here we parted with most of the passengers, and much of the cargo, and remained until twelve o'clock, when we weighed anchor and proceeded on our voyage to Demerara, with about twenty passengers, most of whom resided there. The day was fine, sky clear, thermometer eighty-six degrees, with southeast wind, which prevented our feeling the excess of the heat. About four o'clock we lost sight of land for the first time since leaving St. Thomas.

Let us pause to reflect on the majesty of the Almighty power who has created this scene, and given genius to man, to enable him to construct the vast machinery to plough the ocean, and navigate the bark to distant climes, bringing the inhabitants into unity and social intercourse one with another, extending arts, science, and civilization over the habitable world. May we, the workmanship of His hands, properly appreciate these blessings, and render all thankfulness to the great Author. "Thus doth our spirit magnify Thy adorable name, and crave light and knowledge to perform the end of our creation."

Night closed upon us soon after six o'clock, and

the sea becoming rather rough, we retired to our state-room to think over the occurrences of the day, and examine our hearts, whether in the sight of Him, who created us for His glory, we have spent the time agreeably to His divine will; then committing our spirits to Him who gave them, we quietly sank to sleep.

We awoke as we entered the harbor of St. Vincent, about five o'clock. The sea was a little rough, wind southeast, thermometer eighty; felt summer clothing very agreeable.

Fourth month, 6th.—Another day has passed; our sail has been smooth and agreeable, nothing occurring to break in upon the tranquillity of the scene. We changed our state-room for one larger, but much more exposed; it being in the middle of the deck, we felt the jar of the engine; still the change was for the better. The morning was fine, the thermometer was eighty degrees, wind southeast; there are a few flying clouds, but no land to be seen.

One of our passengers, a kind and humane man, gave us a very interesting account of his experience with the freedmen. Some nine years since he went out into the interior and procured a large tract of land, requiring great labor and

toil to bring under a state of cultivation; succeeding in hiring for a fair price, if I mistake not, three hundred colored men with their families. Few if any of the number had been legally married. He told them this must be the first step to their elevation; this was done, and the rites of marriage were from that time looked on as sacred. He set all to work, either on the plantations, or in the erection of tenements for their abodes, which, rude and humble as they were, were their homes, and no doubt for the first time caused them to feel their manhood. They had the assurance that their lives had fallen in pleasant places, with a good man, who took them by the hand to help them out of their degradation. He was a Moses unto them, delivering them from the bondage of corruption, and the cupidity of ungodly men, and they confided in him as a father. His name is Barlow. We seemed drawn to him, in nearness of spirit, at our first introduction, with strong desire to accept his kind invitation to pay him a visit, and "see for yourselves," quoting his words, "how the free labor system works." As his home was sixty miles in the interior, we thought it not practicable. Since our return we regretted much we could not pay the visit. This true phi-

lanthropist and Christian told us all went willingly to work—little or no remonstrance had been required; the proceeds of their labor paid well. He was their minister, and had built a chapel on the estate. The same in regard to schools; he had been the principal for many years; he placed a high value on their literary improvement; in short, it was evident to us that he was the man to lay the foundation for a reform in all slave countries, which, when others see, they may feel disposed to go and do likewise. Much may be done in this way toward advancing the great millennium day, “when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ;” this being His power working in the hearts of his children in bringing forth good fruits. All effort then to do His will in our duty to our brother, white or black, is so far advancing Christ’s peaceable kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit! This knowledge of what one man is doing, raised the inquiry in our minds, If so much is being done by *one* towards the elevation of the down-trodden, should a community engage alike in this cause, might not every abuse of power be restrained, while all would alike stand upright?

This Christian man told us, "He had not felt at liberty to unite himself with any professing body for twenty-six years, all appearing to him more or less sectarian. He said he believed in but one church, and that the church of Christ; that its members were scattered the world over; that Christianity is to be applied to daily life, having nothing to do with sects or creeds;" saying, "I can subscribe to many of the tenets held by all, but to none of their dogmas or prejudices." His life seemed devoted to the improvement and elevation of the emancipated, both mentally and physically. From what we could judge, nothing he can do for that people is left undone. On his domain all are well paid. Each man can earn from twelve to fifteen dollars per month, the labor being performed by tasks, which requires seven hours. A man may, if disposed, complete two of these per day, worth one dollar. All cannot perform the same amount of labor. Women work in the fields: they earn almost as much as the men, but they are mostly employed as housekeepers and waiters. Large numbers of the laborers have houses and lots of their own, while emigrants and others less thriving, have houses found them, with as much land as they can culti-

vate. Their medical attendance is gratis, as well as the privilege of schools. All emigrants are well paid by the employers; some of them have been with them a long time.

Nine o'clock. Sea-water light green, then it became muddy; at ten o'clock we descried a steamer to the south, also a brig. Saw with a glass the flag-ship. The tide being low, we steered on for an hour below the mouth of the River Demerara. We crossed the bar about three o'clock, and came to anchor opposite Georgetown, about four o'clock.

Little did we think, on leaving home, we should have extended our wanderings so far, and being about to land, with prayerful hearts, and in good health, looked forward to leaving the steamer. It was amusing to hear the crowing of fowls, cackling of chickens, and quacking of ducks from our deck, a goodly number always being carried, as if they really knew we had reached our destination, and they joined in hilarity with those on board. It seemed as if those in charge of clearing up and putting all to rights, moved everything capable of transit, while water was thrown in every direction, scrubbing, dashing over every part above us, so that it was not safe to venture

on deck, unless one required a general ablution. We had first-rate fare on this trip, and our gentlemanly captain, and his amiable and engaging manners, will long live in our remembrance. His name is Hole, of the steamer Thames. We hope we have not seen this worthy man for the last time. We had no sea-sickness since leaving Barbadoes, for which we felt very thankful.

The pilot informed us that the business part of the city, called Water Street, had recently been destroyed by fire. On first day, the third, it commenced, whilst church was in session, and was not entirely extinguished until next day. The destruction was very great, estimated at three millions of dollars.

We landed about four o'clock, after much difficulty, which arose from the turbulence and bad temper of the boatmen, who are more violent on these islands, as they come out with their boats, than any other class of people with whom we have met. Each seemed determined to get all the passengers in his boat. Their conduct amounted to desperation. We were afraid to go with them, and told them we would not, unless they would be quiet. The captain forbade them coming on deck, when one of those in whose boat we thought

we should go, jumped on to the stairs, as if to come up; that moment the fourth officer had taken me by the arm to assist me down the stairs, while my dear husband was just behind us, with some of our baggage. The officer gave the man on the stairs a shove, which we feared would make trouble, throwing him back into his boat. He got up instantly, and with his fist or some instrument, knocked the officer down with great force; at the same time my dear husband was thrown with violence against the boat, producing considerable injury to his face. I fully believe he would have been overboard, and might have been drowned, had I not sprung and caught him as he was going into the water.

He soon recovered, however, and we were seated together in safety, and we left the pell-mell host behind, after several of this class of boatmen had received a few showers of water on their heads, from the ship.

Took a carriage for Hamilton Hotel, which was full to overflowing, as was every other public house in the city, in consequence of the late fire, which was still burning.

We should have had no accommodations here, had we taken *no* for an answer. My dear hus-

band proposed we should look further. I told him I would see what I could do. I went to the landlady and asked her if we could rest in an upper hall, on the sofa, until dinner; she said we might. In an hour she came up, when I began to feel myself quite at home. I told her I wanted to go up stairs with her; she said, well, and we went into every room that would admit us; but all were to be filled that night. At last I spied a little door some distance off, to which I stepped, and said, "Is this occupied?" She answered, "I don't think it will be to-night; but it is for only one person." "Oh!" said I, "it is sufficient for us." When I told my dear husband he laughed heartily at my perseverance, as well as contrivance.

The people in this warm climate are not so fastidious as in our country; they are glad to get accommodations in almost any way. For ourselves we thought it a great favor to get a single bed in a room almost without furniture, while I eked it out with chairs; although we paid the same as if it had been a fine large room.

I procured some beautiful specimens of quartz, and other curiosities, several curious nests of South American wasps, which now are highly

valued, and grace one of my cabinets. They are of singular construction, showing that the great power of genius is not confined to the human mind. The intelligence of many animals is wonderful, and none more so in the construction of dwellings than the bee family. One of these dwellings is two stories high, constructed of bark, so closely inlaid as to form walls twice the thickness of heavy pasteboard, and curiously wrought, with cells in the upper and lower stories, showing much artistic skill, being beautifully mottled, and smooth as glass. A door of entrance is above the first, so as to escape to the second in case of invasion from below; or, as one observed, who was examining it, perhaps it was appropriated to all the children in the stately mansion.

The birds here are of surpassing beauty, but as our curiosities had already accumulated to a great amount for travellers, we had to forego the pleasure of procuring a collection of birds and shining insects. We procured one charming bird, called the cock of the rock, being gold color, with a splendid comb. It is, I think, about the size of a goldfinch.

Our kind host invited us to take a ride through

the burnt district, which we did. The fire has consumed a large portion of the business part of the town. In our ride we saw the situation of the place and public buildings. The town is laid out in sectional streets, crossing each other at right angles, with a canal running through the centre, ornamented on its banks with oleanders. The houses stand apart, two or three stories high, receding a little from the street, and having gardens front and back. They are built light and airy, and the streets being wide and near the sea, a fine breeze is generally felt, carrying off the heat, so that in reality we do not feel it so sensibly as our own summer heat; the thermometer is from eighty to eighty-five degrees in the shade.

In one of our rambles we took a walk through a very beautiful public garden. The exotics here, as well as in all other warm countries, grow to much greater size and perfection than with us; the same species seem like other plants of mammoth growth. Many fine specimens of roses grow to good-sized trees, and cactus from thirty to sixty feet in height. We saw in many places oleanders quite as large as many of our fruit trees; indeed, there appeared few in that splendid garden that could be rightly called flowering

plants or shrubbery; no winter being there, they grow on from age to age without any interruption. Not unfrequently the seeds from different trees, more particularly the cactus, are carried by the wind to other trees, and find entrance in every cavity that can be found, where they vegetate and take root, and other trees branch out not at all of the same species. It is something like our mode of grafting, only this is self-performing, and that with seeds rather than shoots. We saw plenty of them thus growing, and on our departure our kind hostess filled a small basket with these plants, and we carried them to Barbadoes on our return there, intending to take them to the United States.

At this place we met some New Yorkers, and greeted each other with much delight; and although we had never been acquainted before, the very fact of being citizens of the same place, and a knowledge of each other's families, brought us together in feeling. The time passed very pleasantly while in this city.

Next morning we arose, and in company with a very agreeable young Englishman, who, as well as ourselves, was exploring the country, rode out and spent most of the day. On returning, we

took a narrow way, which is often inundated with water waist deep, making it necessary to travel about in boats. Vigilance, Belfield, &c., are all miserable-looking places—dirty within, not a ray of comfort about them. There is much marshy, low land along the railroad, covered with rush or bushes, whilst higher up were seen cane and cotton fields. The improvements all stand back, so that we saw only one or two during the ride. We are told the dwellings are plain, but the fixtures for sugar-making are fine. One estate has made twenty-five thousand hogsheads of sugar in a year, and cleared sixty thousand dollars. We saw other estates, not so large, but fine and productive; they are drained by dykes running from the sea to the interior, as we could see. The whole country is flat, and subject to floods. It is rich and productive, but destructive to health and morals.

We are told it is a fair sample of the country of Demerara, though some parts of British Guiana are better, and in the mountainous regions fine timber and stone are in abundance, and gold has recently been discovered, and likely to be profitable.

The population of British Guiana is about one

hundred and sixty thousand. Many of the colored are in a very demoralized condition, living in idleness and immorality. From all the information we received here, as well as from what we saw, they are greatly debased for want of schools and incentives to elevation. We saw many of the Coolies, as well as natives, working in the water waist deep. The country about looked terrible, as if a malaria might have prevailed there. This place, as well as the other islands we visited, might be entirely changed if the interests of colored and whites were considered, as there are great facilities here for improvement. With all their disadvantages, some of the most intelligent informed us that since emancipation their exports had been far greater than during the whole term of the existence of slavery, and might have been greatly enhanced by the culture of cotton and rice, had not the English Government placed all the staples grown on free soil on a par with those of Cuba, Porto Rico, and other slave-grown labor. They thought it very unjust, and petitioned the general government for protection, praying that the duties on their exports might be removed, as they found there was no inducement to raise many of their

commodities while the duties were so heavy on them. John Bright and others advocated their cause, but were compelled to give it up, after having made many enemies. What a Christian philanthropist is that noble-souled man, John Bright! His large humanity extends to all; his spirit is world-wide and Godlike, and his good name, like some in our own land, will go down to posterity encircled with a halo of sunlight, as one of the friends of human kind, and saviours of his race! He knows no distinction of labor or caste, but is ever pleading for the rights of all. I hope to be permitted to live to see and press the hand so often raised in his eloquent pleadings for suffering humanity!

We now returned home, riding much of the way on the seaside, visiting the Arsenal, and many other public places. We arrived in time for dinner at six o'clock.

After we had taken a good dinner we took a carriage and drove round to some parts of the city not before visited, and saw more of their public buildings and works.

CHAPTER XII.

RETURN TO BARBADOES—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY—
KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY—FRIENDS' BURIAL-GROUNDS
—RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

WE had advanced now far in fourth month, 1864, and were fearful of meeting excessively warm weather on the islands we were yet to visit. Accordingly, as soon as the steamer was in readiness, we once more embarked on the Thames, with much regret, as we felt our stay had been quite too short. We took leave of our kind host and hostess with feelings of near regard, hoping we might meet them again in time. If not, we can say to all our friends whose faces may be turned thitherward, try to find their good house.

That night the wind was high and the sea boisterous; we both were extremely seasick, and retired to our state-room, but not to sleep. When morning came, we found ourselves better. A good breakfast being set, we went down to

the table, but soon feeling extremely sick, I resumed my berth as soon as possible, where I remained most of the passage until we made port, and dropped anchor off the Island of Barbadoes.

We went on shore with Captain Williams, and felt a great deliverance in not having to encounter those ill-bred boatmen. We took lodgings at Hoad's Hotel, where we were nicely accommodated, the proprietor and wife being equally kind as at Demerara.

We took a walk the same evening to one of their markets, the owners being people of color. The meats and vegetables, as well as fruits, seemed quite indifferent to us. We made some purchases of fruits, strolled about for awhile, and returned to our hotel, rather favorably impressed with the condition of the freed people. They seemed more civilized, and we did not hear the wrangling and fighting as on the Danish Islands. We found an overwhelming population of this class; far too many for the cultivation of the island.

Fourth month, 11th; second day. We have taken three walks over the city, and find it a considerable place; the houses are compact, two

and three stories, built of stone and plastered; the streets are irregular and macadamized with limestone, so that the reflection from the white surface is trying to the eyes, and when it rains, a white, sticky mud adheres to the feet and clothes. The principal streets are Broad, Swan, High, James, and Milk Streets. It contains about nineteen thousand inhabitants; the island, one hundred and sixty thousand. Colored people are the most numerous. The pure blacks are of the lower class; the mulatto takes a middle rank. Some fill conspicuous stations, as merchants, mechanics, and municipal officers. There are a number of churches, hospitals, schools, &c., but little provision for the poor and destitute.

We attended the Wesleyan meeting last evening. There was a respectable assemblage of people, white, mulatto, and black. The black generally took the galleries. There were among the mixture some almost white. There might have been four hundred composing the congregation.

We find the people kind and accommodating. Have done some shopping; the stores good and assortment general. The thermometer in shade, eighty-five; in sun, ninety, at one o'clock P.M.

There was a little rain this morning. We went to the Wesleyan mission-house, which stands on the lot once occupied by "Friends" for their meeting-house and burial-grounds. The dwelling is supposed to be a part of the meeting-house. It seemed very solemn to us to walk over the grounds where repose the ashes of those once in communion with us, and, as the expansive trees waved over the place where their remains are deposited, it seemed almost like a funeral dirge to their memory. No mark is visible to give any account of their names, the stones having been laid a considerable distance below the surface. A very interesting account was given us of the Friends who once lived there, and we could but attribute to their influence the better condition of the people, both colored and white. Although they have long since passed away, it seemed to us that the Scripture text would apply, "They being dead, yet speak;" "Go and do thou likewise,"—the condition of all classes on this island being in advance of all others we have yet visited. The burial-ground is situated on James Street, above Lucas. It was sold, we were informed, by a Friend, named Gordon, who was

the last relic of Quakerism here, by what authority we did not learn.

In the evening we went to the mission-house, by invitation, and took a cup of tea with the minister and his wife, Henry and Clarissa Hurd. He was engaged in church service, but returned to tea, and we found him a most agreeable, interesting and intelligent man, and his wife a noble-souled Christian, and highly gifted woman. She has, for many years, been in the habit of going about in different parts of the city, administering to the wants, both spiritual and temporal, of the "weary and heavy laden." I never saw any one who appeared more entirely in her place; both day and night is she going about among them, as a missionary of mercy and love. Long will the memory of that dear family be precious to me, and it was equally so to my husband.

We met there numbers of distinguished persons from the islands; among them Anthony G. Ward, who was a minister of the Methodist persuasion, though he appeared more like a Friend. We found him a young man of great worth, and we felt no disposition to say he was not in his place. He extended to us an invita-

tion to attend his meeting, twelve miles distant, at Sprightstown, on the following sixth day.

We rode out on the island, and in the south-east part found the city quite extensive, with fine improvements, the residences of merchants and wealthy persons, of both colors. Along some of the streets are small one-story dwelling-houses, the abodes of the colored and laboring classes, chiefly owned by themselves, and would cost two or three hundred dollars to build, and rent from five to twelve dollars a month. The laboring class look comfortable and well clad; quite as well as with us, if not superior to many in our obscure streets. They have some pride of character, and look to elevation through their conduct. The country houses are fine and the estates rich.

We passed through the military garrison, which consists of fine buildings and extensive parade-grounds. We saw some soldiers parading, and others exercising their arms, &c. I felt sad, that the object of man's creation should be so perverted as to be trained to killing his brother man. We were highly delighted with the ride, and have to acknowledge we have seen nothing so civilized and comfortable since leaving the United States. The island is level and well

adapted to agricultural purposes. A small river runs into the sea at this end of the city.

12th. Fair morning; thermometer eighty-four; nice breeze. Rose at five o'clock, and took a ride eight miles, to the Harrington Estate. We found the manager very civil, highly intelligent, and well posted in American affairs. It was a delightful ride, along the south side of a beautiful valley, handsomely cultivated with fields of cane, in different stages of growth. This is the sugar-making season, and most of the cane being fit, we saw the laborers cutting it down and carting the stalks to the mill, where other hands were employed, grinding, boiling, distilling, &c. We were told this estate yields from three to four hundred hogsheads of sugar annually, unless drought, or other mishap befalls it. Their works are propelled by steam; and here we saw a steam-plough of fourteen-horse-power, and was told it operated well. The agent is an intelligent man, and understood the cause of our war better than any Englishman with whom we have ever conversed. The country is sufficiently rolling for all purposes of drainage. The roads are cut through limestone, which forms the foundation, and is kept in repair by sand, gravel, and some

other material placed upon it as occasion requires. We observed, in every direction, cottages dotted over the country, in close proximity, and in many places forming small villages; these are the houses of laborers; some belong to the estate, and are rented; others are owned by the occupants. The number of laborers constantly employed here is not more than fifty to one hundred on a plantation; at the time of cropping they require many more, and hire by the day, giving two to four shillings, according to the work they do. The laboring population is much more numerous on these islands than is necessary,—hence emigration must take place, at some future time, to a great extent. The climate being warm, and their wants few, they make little answer, and, no doubt, will remain as long as they can procure the necessaries of life. There is very little forest here; mahogany, wild fig, tamarinds, &c., abound. We were told the maguey tree has a powerful preserving quality, and will preserve meat for a long time. It is used in hospitals at Demerara for this purpose, with good effect. There are a few fields of cotton, but it does not look flourishing, owing to the cane absorbing the general attention.

13th. We had an appointed meeting this evening in the Wesleyan meeting-house, on James Street, near the milk market, at the invitation of the minister, Henry Hurd—the house one hundred and eight feet long by sixty wide, with galleries on three sides. It was filled to overflowing, and the yard was also crowded,—the largest assemblage known there for a long time. The meeting was given up to us to be held according to our form, and after a suitable time the text was brought into view—“Who shall ascend into Heaven to bring Christ down from above,” &c., I think understandingly and clearly to most minds, from the expression after the close of the meeting. They were called to the power of Christ within themselves; there they would find their duty opened in the clearness, and required neither men or books to reveal it. The people sat still some time after the announcement that the meeting had closed, and did not move until we passed away. We made no arrangement for any of the meetings, but an announcement was made that a meeting would be held at Bethel Chapel the following evening, at which we would be present.

14th. We rose early and took a walk down town, along Cheapside Street, and passed many

very neat and comfortable dwellings, the residences of the rich citizens. Their houses are surrounded with flowering trees and shrubbery—the oleander grows here from twenty to thirty feet high, and the flowers are also very large. The lots go down to the seaside. We passed one mansion that had an arbor of bamboo, leading from the porter's lodge to the circle before the door; its appearance was quite pretty.

Thermometer eighty to eighty-two degrees; gentle breeze; feels quite pleasant in the shade. We are to take tea at William Heath's this evening, and attend the Bethel meeting. We are informed by him that there is great poverty amongst the laboring classes; they would work if they could get anything to do, but the population is too great for the wants of the island, and hundreds must perish if rain does not favor the crops; there are thousands that waken in the morning and know not where they can get a meal, yet as we pass about making our observation, this class generally look comfortable. The greatest destitution is in the country.

15th. We attended Bethel meeting last evening; W. Heath, the pastor, is a man of kind feelings, with whom we took tea,—going from his

house to the meeting, which was full to overflowing, this being the largest audience we have met here or elsewhere for a long time. The assemblage was composed of both colored and white. The former were well dressed, the females wearing white turbans around their heads. All became quiet, and after a time the text was explained—"Necessity is laid upon me, and woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," calling the attention of the people to practical righteousness, good fruits, &c. The people were attentive, and seemed satisfied with what they heard. The destitute claimed our attention, the kind minister offering to distribute whatever we had to bestow. We expect to go to Sprightstown to attend a meeting there this afternoon.

16th. We took the omnibus at four o'clock for Sprightstown—Anthony G. Ward, Methodist pastor, who had appointed a meeting for us. We arrived in good time, took tea at the parsonage, and went to meeting at seven and a half o'clock, where were assembled a large audience of white, colored, and black,—many more whites than I expected to see there. The meeting was given up entirely to us, and conducted after our own order. After sitting quiet for twenty minutes,

during which great stillness was observed, the subject was opened relating to the nature of that worship which is acceptable in the Divine sight, "God is a spirit," &c. The Christian religion is simple and easily to be understood,—love to God and love to man. The text was enlarged upon, and allusion made to the new birth through which true righteousness is to be attained. The people were exhorted to refrain from intemperance and all manner of evil, and come home to the gift nigh in the heart. They were remarkably still, and listened attentively for an hour. The minister observed afterwards that it was remarkable, for they generally became restive after half an hour's discourse. The meeting ended satisfactorily, many expressing their desire for us to hold another.

We lodged with our young friend Ward, and took breakfast. We rose early and attempted to visit a graveyard once used by Friends, who had a meeting-house here; but it began to rain, and I thought best to return. My dear husband continued on for half a mile to the Episcopal Church, at the upper end of Sprightstown, which, with the burial-ground, is inclosed with a substantial stone wall. He was taken to the old part of the yard, and there was a tomb, with a flat stone

lying on the top, the inscription nearly obliterated. The only words he could make out were John W., 1673. There were two other graves with marble sides, head and foot, without any inscription. There stands near the church an old-looking marmee tree, and growing near there is a jessamine, with purple and white flowers. Near the gateway is the tomb of Benjamin Collins, M.D., who was a reputed Friend, and practised medicine in Sprightstown. Inscribed on the tombstone is the following: Benjamin Collins, M.D., who departed this life April 26th, 1826, aged 68 years.

This tribute of grateful remembrance is paid by his affectionate wife:

“Generous, cheerful, and in friendship true,
He calmly paid the debt to Nature due;
Blessed son of Genius, whose capacious mind,
Open to Science, to no branch confined,
He dauntless skilled Botanic’s art to trace,
The many plants that do this island grace;
His country’s boast, for talents found so rare,
Who knew him best will heave a sigh sincere.”

We do not find any Friends residing on this island. The hand of time hath wrought great changes in this, as well as the other graveyard

we visited. The ruin seemed to us deep and impressive.

The country through which we passed was a fine agricultural district, containing many handsome estates. Numerous little cottages line the road for many miles, and great numbers of children were running about, and seemed very happy.

A friend from Philadelphia, G. W. Loud, called upon us, and invited us to tea at Joseph Drummett's, in company with Henry Padgham, a minister, and his wife, T. J. Cummins, a magistrate, with many others, white and colored. Henry Padgham is about sailing to England; he preached at St. James Church his farewell discourse when we attended.

This morning Dr. Hurd preached, on Faith and Hope, a good logical discourse.

18th. Called this morning on Trowbridge, the American Consul, and a banker named Carpenter, and some others. Found it very warm, and soon returned to our lodgings. These visits were made preparatory to our leaving for Trinidad.

An incident related by the magistrate above alluded to must not be omitted. "There had been a suspicious-looking vessel sailing about in the harbor for a considerable time; the cap-

tain and some of the men on board would frequently come on shore, especially in the evening, and mingle with the people of color; they being white men, it created surprise. At last it came out that they wished to take some emigrants to a certain island, where they would receive large wages and superior accommodations for themselves and families. As soon as this was made known the colored people were advised to beware; but they told a fair story, and said a written contract should be made with every family to carry out all they had promised. The colored people were still advised to be very cautious, as all might not be right; contracts, however, were made out, some money, perhaps, paid to each. A large number were thus entrapped, probably sufficient to fill the vessel. All looked very fair, and they were told she would not sail until a certain period, and they would have sufficient time to prepare everything they wished to take with them. Soon after this the crew came to shore one night with a number of boats, made a hasty call at each dwelling, told the people it was an imperative command from the captain that all should be on board that night, as he would sail very early in the morning. They accordingly,

having all confidence in the captain, made ready as soon as possible, and went on board. As soon as they were all snugly settled on the vessel the captain gave orders to put her under way. The people immediately became much alarmed, but they were ordered to be quiet, and no notice taken of their complaints. They now saw they were decoyed, and that the vessel was actually a slaver. One man said—‘I will not go; put me on shore.’ They ordered him below, and told him he had contracted to go, and should go. He instantly jumped overboard, and being a good swimmer, reached the pier from which he started, and ran up into the town with great speed. Stopping near this magistrate’s house to give the alarm, he told us he was awakened in great surprise by the cries of the people of color. He went out to see what was the matter, and found them crying bitterly that their fathers and friends had all been carried into slavery, which we feared might be true. Information was conveyed as quick as possible to the Governor. He immediately sent out small vessels in all directions, if possible to overtake them and bring the people back. It was of no avail. They returned to bring the sad tidings to their friends, who were inconsolable at

the loss." We remained on the island near two weeks, but nothing had been heard from them previous to our leaving.

Is it not clear to every thinking mind, that so long as slavery exists under the Spanish government, that free people are liable to be kidnapped at any hour? The presumption was when we were in Barbadoes, that they had been taken to the Island of Cuba, and there sold as slaves. Would it not be well for the friends of the slave everywhere to look about and see what we have to do? that we may be instrumental in "unbinding every heavy burden, and letting the oppressed go free."

We took leave of this magistrate, and the friends that we met there, with feelings of interest and sympathy not soon to be forgotten, many of them desiring us to forward our likenesses after our return. Great numbers called on us previous to our leaving the island, many of them requiring aid, which it was our pleasure to bestow. We then bade a long, and perhaps last farewell to them all, having spent our time most agreeably, receiving great kindness and attention, which we have much desired to reciprocate at our own home.

On this island only, we saw an abundance of flying-fish, which the Islanders consider a great delicacy. We found them quite palatable, but have seen no fish on any of the islands, or in South America, to compare with our own, although we had no cause to complain of our fare on this island. No island, of all we visited, had so much the appearance of freedom. The great difficulty seems an overgrown population. We could say with the lecturer on this subject, that little elevation could be arrived at until the people had the opportunity to bring out their talent for enterprise and perseverance, which, we believe, many would evince were the means put in their power. Great care should be taken in the proper selection of a home in some distant land, to which they would be willing to emigrate, as most who might feel inclined to do so, are like children, always having been under the control of others. Much would be required to make them comfortable, until they were in circumstances to care for themselves, and they would be in great danger of being abducted by the cupidity of the whites to some slave market, if not protected by the English government. A large number of English families reside here.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. VINCENT—GRENADA—TRINIDAD—COOLIES.

FOURTH MONTH, 20th.—We again embarked on board the Thames with our gentlemanly captain, who seemed to us like an old friend. We arrived at St. George's, on the Island of St. Vincent, in the night. We had but an obscure view of the harbor and its surroundings. Continuing on our route, we reached Grenada about seven o'clock A.M., and landing, spent the day in that uninteresting town called St. George's, on the Isle of Grenada.

We first made our way up a very high hill to a poor hotel. We went through the town and visited the fortifications. The town is built on a hill, and is either ascending or descending in all directions. Houses old and poor, and trade next to nothing. We went into half a dozen stores to purchase shoestrings, but could find none for sale. Had it not been for the kindness of an apothecary, we should not have been able to pro-

cure them; he induced a shoe merchant to take them out of a pair of shoes and let me have them.

There is a vacant square in the centre used as a market-place, around which the stores are placed. We went on board our steamer at five o'clock, but did not leave until eight o'clock. It is here the family of Captain Hole reside; his wife came on board at St. Vincent; we spent the day at his home whilst the ship was loading. The hills look very barren, covered with shrubbery of a wild leafless aspect. A few fine houses are situated on high hills, overlooking the town. The captain's family occupy one of these.

Continuing on our voyage we reached the Port of Spain, in the Island of Trinidad, at seven and a half o'clock, on sixth day, fourth month, 22d, 1864. On landing, we proceeded to Mary O'Brien's hotel. She is a colored woman, and her house is thought the best in the town. One of her daughters is married to a white man, who looked very respectable, and they live well. Her son is a distinguished ornithologist, and has a vast collection of birds from all the different islands, as well as from South America. We felt interested in this family.

After breakfast we took a carriage and drove through the town and its environs. The streets run at right angles. King Street, being the principal street, is very wide, with four rows of shade trees and a fountain of surpassing beauty. The houses are built two stories, and have stores in the basement, and dwellings above, with verandas in front of them. This is the general style of building on these islands. In our ride we called at the Mission House, and were met by the minister, Dr. Hosford, with a letter from Minister Hurd. He had been apprised of our coming, and he and his family received us with every kindness. They told us how glad they would be to make way for us to hold a meeting there, and said they had made an appointment for us to do so that evening, when they should expect a full attendance, and desired us to take the control of the meeting, and hold it in our own way. What an example of liberality, and how will it compare with our tour in Europe a few years since! The children of the Lord know each other in spirit in every clime, being taught of Him. They sympathize with each other in entertaining strangers, believing it possible, in the words of Scripture, that in doing this, they may

sometimes "entertain angels unawares." We accepted the kind invitation for the meeting; and having been invited to tea, after it was over went directly to the meeting. Notwithstanding the time was short, the meeting was crowded to overflowing with all classes. After a solemn pause, they were addressed from the text, "Verily, I perceive God is no respecter of persons," &c.; and applying it to every class and nation, opened the means of salvation through obedience to the power of God in the heart. Those in high standing were exhorted to remember those of low degree, by lifting the heavy weight from their shoulders, and speaking in the expressive language of conduct, "Rise up and walk." The people were told if they wished to improve their island and the condition of the lower classes, they must do all in their power to educate and encourage morality and industry. While this class were exhorted to do all in their power for their own elevation, it was but too evident that a vast amount was to be done by those called the higher classes. After the meeting the people seemed riveted to their seats, having to be told more than once that the services of meeting were over. We returned to the Mission House, many accompa-

nying us there. It was evident a chord of feeling had been touched that produced a general vibration. This kind minister waited on us to our lodgings, and spent an hour in friendly and interesting conversation.

On taking leave of him, he said, "I hope to visit the United States, and should I come to Philadelphia, your house would be the one I should seek." We told him that would be extremely gratifying to us, and wished him to make our house his home. We then retired for the night, in humble thankfulness for the "privilege of breaking bread among the multitude, who were hungering and thirsting for the bread of life."

I omitted to say, in coming from Barbadoes to Trinidad, we met some most agreeable persons, John Clairmont and wife, with their little daughter. His wife had known me in New York, years ago, and our meeting was highly pleasing. Her husband, an English gentleman, made himself very agreeable. An invitation was extended to make them a visit, a few miles out of the city, which we did.

The meeting with this lovely young woman carried me back to my earlier life, when she

knew me in my dear native land, where I used oft to mingle in sweet fellowship with warm congenial hearts. But where are they now? Gone! many of them forever gone from earthly vision! But, although we see them here no more, or enjoy their sweet companionship, we may behold them in mental vision, translated from earth to heaven, like so many bright gems added to the Father's crown, while we feel bound to them by mystic bands, that even death cannot sever. This lovely young creature had left every kindred tie, and all the endearments of home, leaving behind her a fond and loving mother, and came to a land of strangers to reside. I felt great sympathy for her, still in her youth, sweet and lovely. Her husband, a most polite and accomplished gentleman, appeared to leave nothing undone to promote her happiness; but it was too evident that the want of a mother's loving counsel was felt. It seemed as if she could have exclaimed, in the beautiful lines of the poet,—

“ Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore!
Take me again to your heart, as of yore.

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
And smooth the brown locks, once ringlets so fair.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

“Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on my shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For, with its sunny edge shadows once more,
Happy will linger the visions of yore;
Lovingly soft, its bright billows sweep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

THE ANSWER.

“My child, my child, thou art weary to-night;
Thy spirit is sad, and dim is the light;
Thou longest again for my loving care,
For my kiss on thy lips, for my hand on thy hair;
But angels around thee their loving watch keep;
And angels, my child, will rock thee to sleep.

“Thou shouldst not weary, my child, by the way;
But watch for the light of that brighter day.
Count not thy trials or efforts in vain;
They will bring the light of thy childhood again.
Tire not of sowing, for others to reap;
For angels, my child, will rock thee to sleep.

“Nearer thee now, than in days that are flown;
Purer the lovelight encircling thy home;

Far more enduring the watch for to-night,
Than e'en a mother's presence, away from this light.
Soon the dark shadows will linger no more,
Nor come, at thy call, from the opening door ;
But know thou, my child, that angels watch keep ;
And soon, very soon, will rock thee to sleep."

* * * * *

What seemed an additional weight of care on the mind of this young creature was, they had one darling little girl, a rosebud of six years, the pride and sunbeam of the household, whom they were going to take to England to be educated, and leave her with her husband's family, probably for many years,—schools, such as they thought suitable, could not be found on the island. They were to embark in a short time. We parted from them with much regret, and could but hope we might meet again.

During the time of our stay with them they drove us through different parts of the island. We went out on the savanna, a beautiful spot, where stands a neat cottage, which had been built, not long before, for the reception of the Prince of Wales.

I omitted to mention that Conrad F. Stollmeyer called upon us, soon after our arrival on

the island. He married a daughter of Jacob Snyder, of Philadelphia. He heard of us from the manager of the London and Colonial Bank, in Trinidad, and on mentioning our names to his wife, she recollected that my dear husband had attended her mother in her illness, in years gone by. She requested her husband to call on us, which he did. He informed us that he had edited a newspaper in Philadelphia, some years since, advocating Abolition views, and received much reproach in consequence; that he was in Philadelphia at the time the Pennsylvania Hall was burned, &c. We found him a very communicative man, and highly intelligent; presuming from what we heard, that he was president of the Pitch Lake Company, and engaged in a general commission business. A very pressing invitation was sent by the wife to take tea with them the next evening, which we accepted.

That day we had driven through a mountainous country, along Maraval Valley, the wildest and most picturesque scenery we beheld on any of the islands. This valley has a reservoir, that supplies the town with water. We fulfilled our promise with the Stollmeyers, and took tea with them. We spent a couple of hours

very agreeably, and found them highly interesting people, and were conducted to our lodgings by father and son, who promised to see us on board of the steamer next morning. They accordingly called, and having engaged a boat for our use, we were placed on board in good time. Our visit to this interesting family will long be held in remembrance. They gave us some beautiful specimens of minerals, and nutmegs, cinnamon, and vanilla beans, all productions of the island. Since our return we have been in correspondence with them.

The people on this island, proprietors of plantations, brought over large numbers of Coolies, many years ago, but of whom they now appear to be heartily sick,—many of them being immoral in their habits and extremely idle. We saw them in considerable numbers lounging carelessly about under the trees, appearing to do nothing for their own support. The Islanders would be glad to encourage emigration from the United States, as a great portion of their island is uncultivated. It is thought the example of the Coolies has had a very deleterious effect upon the people of color, and they wish to rid themselves of them, if possible. The population of

colored people does not seem sufficient to cultivate that island, which is the cause of their desire to promote emigration. We heard of no unkind treatment to the freed people, and saw less degradation than on any other island we visited, except Barbadoes. The Port of Spain is rather a clean and pretty city for the West Indies. Main Street, with four rows of trees, and fountains, with a cathedral at the upper end standing in the centre, makes quite a handsome appearance. The houses are two stories, with stores below, dwellings above; with verandas, which make them cool and pleasant. There is a square, with trees and walks, opposite the public buildings, and the citizens' dwellings are scattered throughout the city and environs. The Governor's house forms a place of attraction. It is a large and pretty building. The Ice House is a place of great note for anything desired in the way of delicacies. The proprietor told us the ice business alone would be a poor concern, but when connected with other things, it is made to answer a good purpose. We saw but little of the improvements of the island.

Pitch Lake is a place of attraction; a large collection of asphaltum is constantly collecting;

in many places it is hard enough to bear a horse and rider, in others there is water flowing. The pitch is in a fluid state.

The staples here, as on the other islands, are sugar, molasses, and rum. Some cotton and coffee are raised, but sugar is the great staple.

CHAPTER XIV.

BARBADOES—ST. VINCENT—BURIAL AT SEA—MARTINIQUE
—DOMINICA—GUADALOUPE—ANTIGUA—ST. KITT'S—RE-
TURN TO ST. THOMAS.

FOURTH MONTH, 24th, 1864. On first day morning, at six o'clock, we left for the ship, and got under way for St. Thomas about eight o'clock A. M., directing our course west to Grenada, reaching the town about five o'clock. The captain visited his family, whilst the ship remained at anchor until twelve o'clock, when we again got under way.

The harbor is surrounded with high hills, and has in front a rock, on which stands a fortification that shuts the harbor out from view of the sea, making it as clear as a river. It is a very mountainous island, with little appearance of culture along the sea-coast. Through the interior sugar, cocoa, and cotton are cultivated.

As in most other places, the poor colored man is here in degradation, held up as lazy and worthless, and always spoken of as little above the

brutes, and only fit for servants,—views we could not entertain. In our conversations with the whites and mulattoes, who were as intolerant of color as the whites, we constantly maintained that the treatment they received from the higher classes, as they called themselves, tended to degrade them in their own estimation, and although there were many exceptions to this rule, yet they must acknowledge their habits and want of self-respect kept them in a wretched and degraded state, and that the conduct of the whites towards them, tended to establish it; while kindness and Christian counsel and assistance would promote different feelings, and induce them to rise in the scale of human existence.

Many were the conversations we had with the would-be lords of the Caribees against the course they were pursuing towards them. A man and his wife, who came on board at Grenada, undertook to defend them, saying they were an idle, worthless set of beings; that it was force only that induced them to labor, and they would never be anything else but degraded. We told them we believed it under their present system. He then said, “You do not suppose we get along here without whipping, do you? If you

do, you are greatly mistaken?" I told him I did not suppose that barbarity was still practised; he said it is, and on other islands too, and it's all right. He then turned to me and said, "Are you writing a book?" I said, I can scarcely answer that question. He then said, "Do you suppose you are capable of giving a correct account of the West India Islands the little time you have been on them?" Without answering his question, I asked him if he thought, had he been six months in the United States, and a close observer of all that he saw or heard, whether he would consider himself possessed of sufficient information to write a book? His answer was "I don't know." I told him I thought it was very easy to know. I then reminded him of one of their countrywomen, Harriet Martineau, who went flying through the United States a few years ago, and with telegraphic speed, and it appears she was able to write a book, and thought she had become thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the people of the United States, and every incident connected therewith, and I think the time was very short she spent in America. They soon left us, and we saw no more of them.

We arrived at St. Vincent at six o'clock A.M.; we did not land at this time, the steamer only remaining long enough to change the mail. Leaving about seven o'clock, we directed our course to Barbadoes, in the harbor of which we arrived at seven o'clock P.M., but did not go ashore.

We had been extremely seasick nearly all the passage from Trinidad to this port, which makes one feel wretchedly, and not unfrequently calls forth the exclamation, "Oh! if I ever reach land again, this will be my last sea-voyage." Such a conclusion is often like writing in the sand; and when again seated on deck, with interesting company of a moonlight evening, and the sea calm and beautiful, we more often say, "What a luxury! how charming a moonlight evening at sea!"

Fourth month, 25th, 1864.—A fine shower of rain fell through the night, which refreshed the atmosphere. Here we were joined by an accession of passengers, among the number our young friend A. G. Ward, the minister at Sprightstown, on his return to England. By him we received a note from Clarissa Hurd, whose delicate health prevented her from coming on board, as was anticipated, to bid us farewell.

We had on the ship a number of sick soldiers,

whom we had brought on from one of the other islands. It was soon ascertained one of them was likely to die. That evening young Ward was summoned to his bedside. He told us on his return the man seemed entirely tranquil, and desired to go home, then saying, "I expect to meet my wife in Heaven;" he said but little more before he closed his eyes in death. His remains were then wrapped in a tarred sail-cloth, and next morning at eight o'clock preparations were made for the funeral. Everything was removed from the lower deck near the wheel-house; a bier was placed upon the platform that overhangs the sea, on which the remains were deposited, with the English colors thrown over it. All the sailors were dressed in their best attire—I think in white. It was truly a most solemn and imposing scene. The passengers stood around, all who were able to come on deck, where sorrow could be seen on every face. Our humane and dignified captain read the church service in a most impressive manner, and when he came to that part of the service, "We commit dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," he changed the words, by saying, "We commit this body to the deep," when some of the officers that

stood near the bier gently allowed it to slide noiselessly from its place, without even removing the colors. A dash was heard in the sea—the waves had swallowed up the lifeless remains—the sea had received its dead, and all was over! I cast my eyes around over the passengers and sailors, and believed there was not one in whose eye the tear did not gather; all were made to feel that this man, too, was their brother. It was with some difficulty the tender-spirited commander could read the service, he seemed to feel so deeply the solemnity of the occasion. For myself, I had often heard of “burials at sea,” but none can form an adequate conception of the solemnity that comes over every mind when the sad scene is carried out in their midst. We are led to reflect on the short life of man, the termination of all his designs and hopes, the silence that now reigns over him, who a little while ago was so busy and so gay. The end of all things here is vividly portrayed on such an occasion. Home and friends the lone one hoped soon to meet; all had to be given up; the mandate of Death had gone forth, and would not be denied. I rejoiced in spirit to find that his hopes were fixed on that higher life beyond the narrow con-

finer of the grave; that his spirit would witness a transition to that blest abode where angels only dwell, and years have no ending! There we will leave this solemn scene.

26th. Leaving Barbadoes and its harbor about three o'clock P.M., we passed on to Castries, the town of entry to St. Lucia, at six o'clock P.M., and after a short trip passed St. Pierre, in Martinique, about twelve o'clock at night. It is one of the French islands, and said to be in a better state of cultivation than most of the English ones. Thence to the Island of Dominica, which is a small place, by five o'clock A.M.; thence to Bastaire, on the Island of Guadaloupe, which is also held by the French, by ten o'clock. It is an old-looking place, standing on the harbor, with a boulevard and ornamental trees, giving it an airy and pleasant appearance. The country is hilly, but we saw in passing along the coast more of cultivation than in some of the other islands. We came again to the English harbor of Antigua at five o'clock P.M. We passed St. Kitt's at six o'clock P.M., and landed our friend Ward at twelve o'clock at night.

Continuing our passage, we arrived in the harbor of St. Thomas at three o'clock P.M., having

been extremely sick during the passage from Trinidad. We now bade adieu to our kind Captain Hole and crew of the Thames, with whom we had been agreeably associated for one month among the Caribee Islands and South America.

We found here our faithful boatman, as on former occasions, ready to take us on shore, and went directly to the Commercial. Our landlord had been apprised of our coming, and had a room ready for us. Our old waiter, John Shilling, we found here, as well as the kind colored housekeeper, Martina. We remained at this place until the vessel was ready to sail for Bermuda. Finding Captain Watlington at this port, he gave us an account of some of our fellow-boarders at Santa Cruz, who had gone on to the United States,—among these Dr. Henderson and wife from New Jersey, and Shotwell from New York, of whom we have spoken.

The day following our arrival numbers of our fellow-boarders came on from Santa Cruz to St. Thomas; among them Breneman, wife and daughter, from Pennsylvania, Dr. Shippen, mother and sister, from Philadelphia, with a highly respectable colored man in attendance, all waiting for a passage to the United States.

Some of them sailed before our steamer was ready, and others followed after us.

As we were detained on the island awaiting the steamer, we concluded one morning to ascend its highest peak. It required two hours for us to walk up. On the way we stopped many times to admire beautiful shrubs, wild flowers, and ornamental trees that skirted either side of the road. To our surprise we saw on many of the trees huge protuberances, some of them of great size, one being two feet in diameter. They resembled a black bag. Some were suspended from the trees, others snugly fastened among the limbs, and others again were near the roots of the trees. We could not imagine what they were, as we had never seen anything of the kind before. Each of us having a stick, we thought we would give one near the foot of the tree a little strike, when lo and behold! out jumped an innumerable army of ants, like grasshoppers for multitude, as they could not be numbered. They ran to and fro, and seemed disposed to make war upon us, as we had attacked their strong citadel, and fearing their anger we hastened from them with much speed.

The mountain which we ascended I think must

be many thousand feet above the principal part of the town. On the top of the highest peak we found a splendid dwelling, the habitation of some of the aristocracy who have passed away. The place looked as if little interest was manifested in keeping it in order; every part seemed dilapidated. We wandered about some time among the rocky cliffs. We saw no one about save an old colored cook; but on descending met several young men on horseback going up the declivity. The aged woman told us they had rented the premises for a retreat during the hottest part of the season, when liberated from business. It is considered a great feat for strangers to ascend to the top. In our descent we were very careful not to place ourselves in battle array with the army of ants we met in ascending.

It reminded us of the army of ants we saw in Cuba, six miles out of Havana, where we went on an excursion with a friend from the British Provinces. Those were far more docile; for although we disturbed their repose in their quiet resting-place, they seemed entirely harmless, coming out a living army, walking with nice precision Indian file, each with a complete umbrella over his head. This seems almost an incredible

relation, but has been given with strict regard to truth.

We called each other to the novel scene, and examined carefully of what the umbrellas consisted, and found them to be a piece of delicate leaf over every head. These were the large black ants. Does it not wonderfully illustrate the wise provision made by the Creator for all his creatures, giving even the little emmet tribe sufficient reason, or instinct, to build houses and shield themselves from the tropical sun, as well as to provide sustenance to sustain life?

We are still waiting here for a vessel to sail to Bermuda, and the people were desirous we should be present at another of their meetings; we have concluded to assemble with them at Cocoanut Square.

There was a great concourse of people gathered, from white to ebony. After a solemn pause the subject was illustrated—"He is a free man whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside," desiring the people to reflect how this text should be applied; and now that the chains of bodily servitude had been broken, did they sufficiently appreciate the sacred boon of liberty, or did they abuse it by habits of intemperance,

idleness, and debauchery? Although this was the result of the slave system, and they were laboring under great disadvantages, yet all people had it in their power to be moral, and refrain from habits of intemperance; that I noticed in the first story of our hotel, on one side a place of business, a tailor shop, where many were industriously engaged, with little intermission, from early morn to darksome night, accumulating substance against a time of need; while on the other side was a miserable grog-shop, where drinking, carousing, and swearing, was the programme for each succeeding day. We saw them staggering from the door into the streets, ready for any kind of violence that might come in their way.

I also interrogated the whites whether they had used the sacred boon of freedom as God had ordained? Had they set an example for the people of color worthy of imitation? Had those high in the scale of human existence reached out a friendly hand for their help? Had they lifted the heavy burden from their shoulders and said, Arise and stand upon your feet? It was found this had not been the case, but they had allowed the downtrodden to continue in their degrada-

tion, without much feeling on the subject. The meeting closed under a feeling of much solemnity; many came to take us by the hand, and express their gratitude.

Before leaving the island we paid a visit to R. Swift and daughter, and to the American consul and wife.

The steamer for Bermuda did not arrive until the tenth. We went on board and found but few passengers, and were well accommodated. There was a sick gentleman on board, a resident of St. Thomas. Our steamer is called the Alpha, Captain Hunter. We weighed anchor at three and a half o'clock, and after getting out of the harbor, directed our course northward, with a fair wind from southeast. We glided along, at the rate of nine knots, for our destined port, Bermuda, passing several small, barren islands along the main Island of St. Thomas, until night appeared, and we again retiring endeavored to crave the protection of Him who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice, and, resigning ourselves to His almighty care, sank to rest.

Our passengers consisted of Isabella Grinnell, wife of Robert Grinnell, of the firm of Grinnell

& Minturn, now in the army; a young man from St. Thomas, one of our company, whom we found a very agreeable person, was on his way to Philadelphia to consult a surgeon in reference to a diseased jaw. He paid us a visit at our own house, during his stay in this city. Weather was fine on our voyage, but sea rough, and we were both very seasick. We spoke the ship *Rio*, going to Baltimore.

14th. Rained hard through the day and night. It was quite cool, requiring a change of clothing; our latitude $28^{\circ} 30'$; wind southeast. Both are so seasick, we made up our minds we would have enough of the sea, if we reached home once more.

Wind continues fair, temperature cool, and steering forward on our way, we expect to get into harbor by twelve o'clock. Took a pilot about eleven o'clock.

The day is damp and foggy. As we approach St. George, Bermuda, we discovered a group of islands, green and beautiful, but without culture. We enter the harbor of St. George through a narrow frith, and coming to anchor about twelve o'clock M., landed in a small boat, and making our way up to Hayward's Ho-

tel, found we could not be accommodated, and were referred to the other hotel, which looked dark and uncomfortable. Meeting with some of the boarders, who looked like blockade-runners, we felt glad when told we could not be accommodated, as they also were full. My dear husband went in pursuit of a carriage to convey us to Hamilton. As a favor, procured one sufficiently large to take ourselves and baggage. Stopping at the post-office, we received several letters from our friends, giving us much intelligence, our friends generally well, with one or two exceptions, and anxiously looking for our return.

We soon ascertained that Thomas W. Godet, who resides near Hamilton, was doing business in this place. We made ourselves known to him, and he immediately urged our acceptance of a visit to his mother. Our ride was along the margin of the sea,—oleanders, in great beauty, skirting the road on either side. We rode about twelve miles to the house of his mother. We found her a most kind and hospitable woman, who, with her three lovely daughters and the promising young man who accompanied us, with two little boys, did all in their power to make it agreeable to us.

We also visited her daughter and husband, by the name of Darrell, on the opposite side of the island, son of Chief Justice Darrell, at whose house we visited,—a fine location, not far from Hamilton. We spent one week with our friends on this island.

19th. Spent one day at Elizabeth Aletta Doyle's, who lives in a fine house on the south side, on a high hill, a half mile off.

20th. Thermometer 70°; windy and a little rain. Visited the Cove, and spent the evening at Dr. Gilbert's, very agreeably.

21st. We were taken to the lighthouse by Dr. Harvey, and after returning, occupied the remainder of the day in getting our baggage on board the *Henrietta*, preparatory to sailing tomorrow morning.

CHAPTER XV.

FAREWELL—THE RETURN HOME.

22d. FIRST DAY. We took leave of our friends in the most affectionate manner, the young man accompanying us to the boat, and remaining with us most of the day, as we did not sail before next morning at twelve o'clock. The passengers being all on board, the wind north and dead ahead, and tide against us, we could not pass the bar before morning. In the evening we held a very satisfactory meeting on board. The subject of practical righteousness was illustrated. We retired to rest and slept soundly.

Our cargo consisted of potatoes, tomatoes, and onions, creating a great heat and unpleasant odor, making many very sick.

We had been on board one week previous to sailing, in order to choose our state-rooms, when there is no doubt I contracted disease from the bad odor of the vessel, it being appropriated to

carrying vegetables. It was the only vessel in which we could procure a passage.

Soon after I was on board I was attacked with bilious fever, and was extremely ill during the whole of the passage, so that my dear husband thought my recovery very doubtful. There had been much said in the hearing of myself and husband relative to committing corpses to the sea, which gave him great concern, so much so, that he afterward told me his spirit almost died within him. I did not recover from the fever for many long months after my return home.

On leaving Bermuda we passed numerous little islands in the bay and over the shoals that obstruct the channel, passing the lighthouse on one side and the dockyard on the other. It is situated on Ireland Island. These works are extensive, and constitute the great attraction of visitors, having cost the government an immense amount of money, and consist of a magnificent dockyard and penitentiary for convicts. They are now mostly abandoned and kept for the repair of government steamers, and a barracks for soldiers. Fine specimens of agate are found around this dockyard.

Necessity compelled us to go round the island,

and passing the Georgetown Heights and fort, we landed our pilot, and continued our course on the west side of the island, passing the lighthouse on our right, took our course northward for New York.

The wind was gentle, and the sea calm, so that on third day, the twenty-fourth, at four o'clock, the lighthouse was still visible.

30th. Second day. Now eight days since we came on board. Nothing remarkable has taken place, save the very general sickness of the passengers, and variable weather, head winds, stiff breezes, rough sea, &c., &c., I myself being very ill most of the trip. Thermometer leaving Bermuda, seventy-two; to-day it is sixty-eight.

The Island of Bermuda, or rather, the principal one among them, where we spent most of our time during our stay, looks fertile and appears well adapted to the cultivation of grain, vegetables, and fruits. To our surprise, very little is cultivated, except a few kinds of vegetables, which they carry to New York as some of the earliest of the season. We felt satisfied if any encouragement was given to induce the freed people to industry, by allowing them to cultivate as much land as their capabilities would admit,

it would be but a short time before plenty would crown their labors, which might be dispensed to every part of the island. They now depend on the United States, or Europe, for most of their supplies. We saw great tracts of country entirely uncultivated, grown over with a very inferior kind of cedar, while great numbers of the freed people remained in idleness and degradation. This ought not so to be. All might be made comfortable, thriving, and happy, if the right course was pursued by those who have it in their power. We saw clearly the cause of the poverty-stricken condition of the island. None need wonder that so many young men seek other homes, while no inducements are held out for them to remain,—no business of any account being done there, and the folly of caste was too apparent. This will have to be laid aside. People must be valued for their worth and virtues. The American people have had to learn hard lessons on this subject; many of them written in letters of blood. I hope it will not be so on any of the islands, but it seemed to us the measure of iniquity was, on some we visited, wellnigh full.

We passed a bark off St. George's Bluffs,

going to Bermuda, in which our fellow boarder Shotwell, and Dr. Henderson, took passage a month since. On board poor Shotwell died.

31st. Quite cool; mercury 62° ; fine breeze. The day turned out fine, the wind favorable, and we made good sail, and saw land at five and a half o'clock P. M., and took pilot about six o'clock P. M. The wind soon died away, and we moved moderately through the night; nevertheless, it brought us to the Hook at six o'clock. Thermometer 67° , and prospect of a fine day.

We rose in time to see Staten Island in all its gayety and beauty. The green hills, fine dwellings and improved grounds, were in such striking contrast to what we had seen, that I had to remark, after all, we have seen nothing half equaling the beauty now before us.

We soon took the pilot on board, and next the harbor-master, and arrived at Pier 27, foot of Vesey Street, about six o'clock A. M., where we had to wait for the custom-house officer until past one o'clock P. M. After being released by him, took carriage, and had our baggage and effects taken to the station for Philadelphia, at the foot of Camden Street Wharf, and at four o'clock found ourselves on the railroad for Philadelphia,

where we arrived at eight and a half o'clock P.M. Found our house all prepared for our reception, and friends to receive us, and with thankful hearts rejoiced in our safe arrival at our own home, amidst our many dear friends.

My own health, after leaving the ship, became better; but my dear husband's continued good, never being confined to his bed a day during our travels. I subjoin a letter written by him to our hostess at St. Croix.

PHILADELPHIA, Sixth mo. 4th, 1864.

ELIZABETH BRADY.

ESTEEMED FRIEND: It was a very pleasant morning on the first of June, that we entered the Narrows in the Bay of New York, Staten Island on the left and Long Island on the right, commanding the narrow frith over which is mounted a number of large implements of defence, calculated to hurl death and destruction to any who dare attempt to invade our country. As we looked over the beautiful hills and elegant mansions that are scattered all over the island, I was ready to cry out, "Never have I seen in foreign lands anything to compare to the beauty of the scene before me." Truly, it is a magnificent sight of hills and vales, splendid mansions, green fields and highly cultivated, with lawns, with copses of trees and shrubbery tastefully intertwined, giving grace and beauty to the splendid mansions that adorn the island. Then on entering New York, at the foot of Vesey Slip, where a market is held for the better accommodation of shippers and farmers' craft, we see a great

variety of meats and vegetables of the finest kinds, which filled my soul with gratitude to the Author of all good for giving us a fruitful country, and inspiring our yeomanry with industry and management to plant and reap such abundant harvests. It is here we have the best of beef, mutton, veal, pork, and poultry of every kind, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, salad, peas, beans, asparagus, beets, radishes, tomatoes, and innumerable other vegetables that abound on every man's table. There are all the fruits of the season, as strawberries, cherries, apples, gooseberries, and other garden fruits, besides your tropical fruits, far excelling anything we could get except in Havana, such as oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples, &c. Thou may ask where are the sapodillas, sugar-apples, alligator pears, water-lemons, &c. These tasteless things we leave for islanders to luxuriate upon. Again contemplate with wonder and admiration the city of New York, second to none in magnificence and grandeur, containing over a million of inhabitants, grown up to importance within two centuries, and now tied to every part of the country by iron rails, on which run with steaming swiftness innumerable cars, conveying men of business and pleasure through richly cultivated countries, on which abounds wheat, corn, oats, grass, and all kinds of produce fit for the consumption of man and beasts, and you have but a faint picture of what we have returned to enjoy. Nowhere is there to be found on this habitable earth (that we have seen), so much to make man happy, with freedom of thought and liberty of action (with the exception of one dark spot south), as this "land of freedom and of the brave."

It is with deep concern that I state that my dear wife, on leaving Bermuda, had on shipboard quite a smart attack of

bilious fever; as she recovered from it, and crossed the Gulf Stream, she had a chill succeeded by fever and cough, which caused my spirit to sink within me, though we live in hopes of its only being temporary.

We have learned since arriving in New York, that Shotwell died on his passage from Bermuda to New York, and that his remains were conveyed to his friends.

We left Bermuda on the twenty-second of fifth month, and arrived on the first of sixth month, making our passage in ten days, experiencing high winds and calms, turbulent and quiet sea, sea-sickness and many deprivations, but our captain made it as easy and comfortable as he could. We had on board fifteen passengers, and our cargo consisted of potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and a few other vegetables. The odor was extremely unpleasant, but we got along as well as the time, conveniences, and circumstances would admit. Our best regards salute all who may like to hear from us, including friend Dunlap, whose kindness we shall always remember with gratitude, in which my dear wife unites. And now adieu.

Thy friend,

J. WILSON MOORE.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING returned to our friends and to our native land, from whom we had long been separated, we found the ravages of war on the decrease; although not yet terminated, everything appeared far more favorable than when we left the country. At that time rebellion was rife in all the South, and found many sympathizers in the North and West. The Union people, the lovers of freedom, were very sanguine as to the result, notwithstanding the horizon at many different times was dark and portending, attended with the thunder of cannon and roar of artillery, and the loss of great numbers of valuable lives, which caused the spirits of many to die within them, not seeing what the end might be. But the masses of the people felt assured they had a veteran at the head of government, the friend of humanity, a "good man and a just," who, with the Divine

blessing, was capable of guiding the ship of state to the peaceful and honorable port he and they had ever kept full in view, until rebellion should be crushed and made to "appear odious," even to its perpetrators, while the fetters of the bondsmen should be broken, and the oppressed and downtrodden suffered to go free. All we, who were anxiously watching for the dawn of that day, were made to rejoice and give glory to Him who can turn the "captivity of his people," by instrumental means, when the intelligence reached us, and went forth to all the inhabitants of the land, proclaiming freedom the length and breadth thereof, through our noble-souled President, Abraham Lincoln. Our prayers and thanksgiving went up to Heaven! with high praises to Him who liveth forever and ever, in that His arm had been raised for the deliverance of the oppressed.

This proclamation brought about a wonderful era in the history of the world. Above all is the record, written in letters of gold, on the tablet of the souls of the four millions proclaimed free! with "a Moses at their head, fleeing from the oppression of Pharaoh!" This proclamation called them out of their graves to such a resurrection as the world never saw; not all the annals of

history can furnish a parallel with it. Must we not believe then that nothing short of a High Hand and Outstretched Arm could have effected a miracle of so great magnitude, so fraught with justice and humanity, of these having been dead to the world, but now called to come forth, to stand up like men, and "lay aside their grave-clothes." Large numbers of them had escaped from the tyranny of their oppressors since the commencement of the war, the natural result that might have been anticipated by their short-sighted oppressors as the sequel of their rebellion. Numbers of them went, too, into the Union army, and stood up like men, side by side, with their white brethren, discharging, as the latter say, their duties faithfully. Who can doubt the working of miracles in the case of this people? The child of liberty once carried through the streets in effigy, in the city of Boston, placed in a coffin covered with a black pall! followed by its mourning friends, who saw it deposited in the grave yawning to receive it, scarcely supposing it possible it could ever know a resurrection, with public sentiment crying out on every hand, "Crucify it, crucify it, it is not fit to live." God's ways are higher than man's ways, and His

thoughts higher than man's thoughts, oft bringing about His own purposes, through the very means man has designed for their overthrow. For many long years was that holy child of liberty entombed! Few dared to raise a voice that it would ever rise again. The African slave-trade brought so much gain to the craftsman, that not a dog dared to raise his tongue against it, while its proceeds were bringing great wealth to the North as well as South. England was being rich through that channel, so that "the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothed with the hammer, him that smote the anvil," until it was ready for the soldering, when they fastened it with chains, with handcuffs and gags, that it should not be moved. All this was done in the open light of day, while the people stood aghast and looked on in silence. Those were dark days! days in which the spirit of Antichrist had great power, like the dragon of old, whose tail drew the third part of professing Christendom; but his power could not continue; it was in the hands of the people, and for them to say whether it should be crushed.

Who were to be pioneers in the great work? was the question that oft arose, but very quietly,

among the friends of freedom. Perhaps Maria Child was the first who wrote a work on the subject when it was agitated. Her book was able and full of truth, but the people were afraid to read it; it was sufficient to place the mark of Cain on any one who had such a volume in his house. Elias Hicks, one of the apostles of this age, bore a strong testimony against this great evil, not partaking of the unrequited labor of slavery for a long series of years, and on his deathbed, when past speaking, motioned to those around him to remove some covering from his bed that contained cotton brought from the Slave States. Many others in the Society of Friends have refrained, as well as he, from the use of slave-grown labor. About this time Benjamin Lundy, true to the cause, commenced the work, but in great weakness, finding few who felt willing to engage actively with him in it. At last he determined on going to a foreign land with a large number of the people of color, and there by kindness and industry, under the hallowed influence of freedom, show to the world what could be done by this people under circumstances favorable to liberty and equal rights. He designed to give his whole soul to the work as a

letter from him, now in my possession, will show; but he did not live to perfect his philanthropic and Christian enterprise. He saw it was out of his power to carry out his project in this professed "land of the free and home of the brave."

Near this time William Lloyd Garrison, one of the invincibles, came forward and enlisted in the cause. He commenced to edit a paper on the subject, under the most unfavorable circumstances, being poor himself, and occupying a small house and shop. In order to write for his paper he had to resort to a little retired closet adjoining his small shop, where his labors were continued until he had the paper ready for the press, and when it came out it caused so great an excitement that nothing but his life could pay the penalty. He was accordingly dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, after giving him a coat of tar and feathers, and every other indignity that could be offered him; but it did not deprive him of life, as the poor deluded people supposed it would.

A higher life was before him, and he, like all other reformers, saw his course was up the rugged Alpine rocks, with footprints marked with blood;

but for all this he did not slacken his hand. His noble soul, being the embodiment of freedom and right, still stood forth undaunted, publishing his paper amid showers of invective and abuse, simply following that voice that leads its votaries by a way they know not, until they are brought to "a good land and a large, where there are springs and pools of water." This has been fulfilled to the letter with the pioneers of liberty!

We can trace that little band, who first enlisted in this cause, from stage to stage as they progressed—

" Brave and undaunted in their Master's cause,
Bold in contending for Messiah's laws."

That was a day that tried men's souls; "but the friends of the holy child that had been put in the sepulchre saw by the light of Bethlehem's star that in God's own time it must have a resurrection;" that its birth was in Divinity, undying in its very nature; that neither death, hell, or the grave could hold it; that angels watched over to guard it until "death and hell should deliver up its dead," having power to burst the bands of death, to feel its new life, though "crucified in spiritual Sodom in Egypt," where this divine life and birth in all ages has met with a like fate.

The little band continued to increase. The

darkness that had hung over the land seemed to portend the dawning of a better day. They felt, as they braved the rough sea of life and encountered all that the enemies of freedom could heap upon them, so much greater would be their joy when that port, long looked-for, should be gained. These labored on amid floods of calumny that were cast out of the mouth of the dragon, without fear or dismay, no difficulties being too great for them to encounter, no mob violence deterring them from going steadily forward in the work.

Among these were both men and women, who braved the current of public opinion. They had, with heavy hearts, gone round the broken walls of freedom like some in olden time. They saw the gates, too, were burned with fire, while few had yet come to the work; the cry of those, like Sanballat and Tobias, going forth on every hand, that all their efforts to build the walls were so weak and vain, that a "fox running thereon would prostrate it to the ground." They heeded not such discouraging views, although they often encountered Foxes "no better than Herod." They continued to work on, regardless of being stigmatized as fanatics. They found it needful, while building the walls, as Nehemiah did, to

hold "the weapons of defence in one hand while they built with the other," which weapons were love to God and man.

Many of these might truly be called saviours of their race, having thrown their whole souls in the work.

Among these was the intrepid Lucretia Mott, the persevering and whole-souled Esther Moore, and a host of others, who engaged in the same cause with them. Not fearing to be found at the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, where an Abolition meeting was then being held, or where mobs were gathered as they held their meetings at other places; or in court rooms, where poor downcast fugitives were to be tried and condemned for endeavoring to gain their liberty. Who can wonder that war came? This last was considered a sin of the deepest dye, and worthy of death. These noble women followed them in the dark recesses where they were oft secreted for a sham trial, and in almost every instance sent back again into slavery. These friends of humanity remained by their side, striving to pour balm into their afflicted hearts, telling them a better day was coming,—little thinking this better day would come in this generation. The writer of this has

been present with them on such occasions. These were called fools, as well as madmen, while their souls glowed with the light of God's spirit. Not only was this work progressing amid the tumult and noise in the North, but it was carried on in the far sunny South :

“ Ordained to be the pride of lands,
Whose joyous spring should bloom as Eden,
And rivers sweep o'er golden sands.”

But not without the risk of life or limb ; as where freedom lies buried, all iniquity abounds. No one who ventured there could indulge the fond belief that he should return unscathed. To this general rule there were exceptions ; those who would not harm the head of any one, and whose kindness to the writer of this article will never be forgotten. They were the opponents of slavery—lawyers and judges—but they were weak. Judge Bullock, of New Orleans, among these, and lawyer Hennan, both eminent in their profession, were exceedingly kind to me after my return from the calaboose, where I went with my friends from the North and in company with the mother of lawyer Hennan. We saw there barbarities too shocking for humanity to perpe-

trate, and which I shall ever regret were not made public on my return; but it will not do to look back, the great work is now before us.

The subject of emancipation found its way to our legislative halls at an early day of the Abolition movement; but was found needful to bring it before Congress or the Senate with great care, as the slaveholders were sanguine in the belief that the child of liberty had been buried so deep, and "watch so strictly kept," that no legislative action could penetrate the dark recesses where they had laid the body, and where the seal of compromise had been placed upon the stone at the mouth of the sepulchre.

We see a parallel case with poor benighted Cuba, as well as all the other islands where slavery now exists. They are all wallowing in blood, dirt, and filth, while Catholicism and priestcraft reign supreme, and the priests are daily seen going to their devotions in long robes. But God is just, and his justice will not forever slumber. We oft asked each other the question, are these ministers of Christ, who like the Apostle Paul, felt that "necessity was laid upon him, and woe would be unto him if he preached not the Gospel?" If they were ministers of the Word

of God would they not be “preaching liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison house to those that are bound?” and make it their business to leave nothing undone to “unbind heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free?” to break every yoke, to inquire “of the Divine oracle what they should do to be saved?” and bring to mind the law of God, violated in their hearts, both past and present, in holding the lives of their fellow-creatures in the same way they held their cattle, having no more regard for their feelings of affection one for another, “than the beasts that perish.”

John Quincy Adams was the man for that day and hour, but he could only bring in his views in the most cautious manner possible, as it appeared very likely his life would pay the penalty if he persevered to any considerable extent. Not long after this, other speeches were made, touching the cause of freedom, but with caution, as all knew that death, or the most violent measures, would be used against any one who dared to come forth boldly, and place the enormous crime in its proper light.

The life of a Lovejoy was at that time sacrificed on the altar of slavery. Many others met

with the same fate, while our modest though noble-souled Sumner, came out against the giant cause, in strains of deeply inspired eloquence, at different periods of the crusade, for which the strongest invective was poured out upon him. He heeded it not; he knew the "cause was holy, as well as the ground on which he stood." He made many good and well-timed speeches on the subject, calling the system "barbarous." Not only Sumner stood forth, in those days of peril, undaunted. Stevens well knew that "noble ends required noble means" to carry them out. These sons of the morning saw the bright light,—the star of immortal glory,—high up in heaven, while God's work and image was being desecrated before "the shrine of Moloch," and galling fetters were on the American citizen, whose cry has ever been, "Am I not a man and brother?" Thaddeus Stevens has, for a long series of years, been one of those whole-souled, outspoken men; he has stood as the champion of liberty, advocating the cause of justice and humanity, "firm as the Rock of Gibraltar." For many years has this subject been treated in Congress with much ability and zeal, and even at this time the aged veteran is standing forth in

our legislative halls, as in the vigor of youth, and with strength of mind as in early manhood. I have been watching his movements during the past winter and have found him truly great.

If prayer will prove effective in holding him to the warm hearts of the friends of justice and right, he will still live on, pleading the cause of injured innocence. But should the slender thread of life, in the providence of God, be cut asunder, may his mantle fall on one or many spirits worthy to plead the cause he has so long and so ably advocated.

Truly this is a wonderful age in which we of this generation live,—an age of soul-stirring and thrilling incidents,—an age of great discovery in the arts and sciences. The submarine telegraph being the topmost round on the ladder yet reached,—daily bringing the occurrences and incidents of foreign lands in connection with our own; wonderfully calculated to promote peace and happiness in every clime. Much more might be said of science and the arts, but the present must suffice. This is an age, too, of light and shadow, which have been signally intermingled in the cause of justice and the equal rights of all; an age in which the most unusual course

has been pursued. In the passage of laws by our last Congress, history cannot furnish a parallel. Little necessity has been felt for the co-operation of the successor of our late dearly loved and lamented President, whose spirit, as it winged its flight to a higher sphere, seemed to rest on many he left behind, whose light has shone, since his departure, with greater lustre, seeming to have caught the same inspiration as his mantle fell.

His speech in Independence Hall, in our city of Philadelphia, is now brought to mind, as he was going on to Washington, before his inauguration: "If he was favored, after he was placed in office, to lift the heavy burdens from the shoulders of the oppressed, he should feel himself the happiest of men; but should he be unsuccessful in his efforts to do this, he would much rather suffer death on that spot." This was the whole-souled man, and happy instrument in the hand of God, in "proclaiming liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof;" in unbinding heavy burdens; and he was the man for that "hour,"—the right man in the right place—letting the oppressed go free. Sad indeed is the retrospect, and our hearts sicken at the thought,

that his useful and valuable life was sacrificed to pay the penalty for his devotion to the cause of humanity. He was assassinated the spring following our return from the West Indies, at the close of the late calamitous war, by those who should have honored and revered him as the deliverer of this great nation from the thralldom of slavery, without the shedding of a single drop of blood. Had he lived, his deep and thinking mind would have kept those who called themselves the "chivalry," so much in check, that long ere this, in all probability, they would have been sufficiently humbled to have come back into the Union, with a sense of their folly and madness in promoting rebellion, in order to subdue the North, and carry their abominable idol of slavery over its fair domain. But with the encouragement received from our present incumbent, they have tried in vain to throw off the shame and mortification of their doings, he having acted in concert with them in their wild schemes again to bring about slavery in its second advent; to bind fetters on the emancipated, or compel our government to pay a price for them; either of which would be unreasonable and monstrous.

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Some of the States lately in rebellion have concluded that "discretion is the better part of valor," and are now submitting to the benign laws enacted during the past winter by the late Congress. Such a Congress, in the absence of a President, as will astonish the world in all coming time with its history. Such a Congress as the fathers of the Revolution, great as they were, were, in the estimation of the writer, weak in comparison with the one just passed. Such a Congress as has carried death and destruction to slavery, by the powerful arm of legislation. Their thrilling words of justice and humanity have pierced the vitals of the rebels of the South, as well as their sympathizers of the North, like a "well-directed arrow from a bow." Such a Congress as has caused the very ground on which they stand to feel its shock, as of an earthquake, ready to swallow them up. Indeed, a volcanic shock has been felt by them, during the last eventful session, while large numbers of them felt its force in the speeches held forth, with undaunted courage, by the venerable Stevens, by a Sumner, a Howard, a Wilson, a Wade, and a Butler, as well as our own William D. Kelley, and many others who stood firm and

unwavering in the cause of justice and right. We love to linger over speeches so full of soul that not one dark spot dims their lustre.

But how is it with the poor, fallen South? Those who said, not long since, the "man of color had no rights that the white man was bound to respect," which I readily admit to be true while they deprive them of their God-given rights. A change has come over their dreams; and the change is so great in their tone of feeling as to solicit the vote of the colored man, in order to restore a lost reputation, and place them where they were six years ago. Some of the States have elected colored municipal officers, instead of the whites; the colored being now eligible for any office in the gift of the people. Even the most sanguine Abolitionist could not have believed it possible that such a change would have come over this nation in five short years. Had any one prophesied such a state of things would have been brought about in this country, we should have said, perhaps, as one of old, "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might this thing be." But we see "with God all things are possible;" that he has opened the windows of heaven, and has poured out one

of the greatest blessings upon this nation, while he has ordained that the "transgressions of the wicked shall correct them, and their backslidings reprove them,—justice and mercy being the habitation of his throne." And now, at the time I am writing, comes the intelligence from our State Legislature, that all prohibition is removed relative to allowing colored persons to ride in our city cars. For all which we praise and magnify the great Being who "turns the captivity of his people as the streams of the south."

I have written the foregoing article, not only to diffuse correct information in some parts of our own country, but think this work may find its way in the West Indies, and, possibly, in South America; greatly desiring that it should reach slave-land, on the Island of Cuba. They will see what oppression and tyranny have done for all lands, sooner or later. The sum of all villanies is now in the zenith of its power on that island. But it has but a short race to run; the sands in the glass are but few, and the measure of iniquity wellnigh full, as we saw it in mental vision when there, and have oft seen it since. The day of retribution is at hand, as they that "bow not in mercy will bow in judgment."

The "Babylon" slavery is destined to fall, and it will there as certainly as it has in this land; and "great has been the fall," desolating the Southern States with blood and carnage. Now, poverty and famine are staring the people of the South in the face; they are merely preserved from starvation by begging from the Union people of the North, against whom they have been fighting.

The deluded slaveholders have brought themselves to poverty and disgrace, through cupidity and wicked devices, to continue those they had so long oppressed in perpetual slavery. Let this condition of things be a warning to all who still cling to the barbarous system. Remember a day of retribution is at hand, when the judgments of an offended God will be poured out upon all those, while they will be the authors of their own destruction, as this is the portion of the wicked. Turn then from the evil of your ways and doings, if happily you may find forgiveness through sincere repentance.

Well may a lamentation be made over the cities where slavery still reigns, as it was over Jerusalem: "How oft would I have gathered thee as a hen gathers her chickens under her

wings, but thou wouldst not," therefore is thy house left unto thee desolate, and the things that belong to thy peace hidden from thine eyes. At thy fall, as of Babylon of old, many will stand afar off to see the smoke of thy burning, "weeping and wailing, saying, Alas! alas! for this great city," and the profitable traffic in slaves, which has made so many rich through the abundance of her slave labor, for no man buyeth her merchandise any more. But all nations have partaken of the wine she has mingled, flavored with the odor of the sighs and groans heard on plantations under the lash, from the den of the calaboose, in painful separations, or on board slavers as they pursued their course over the trackless ocean, freighted with human flesh, with God's image in their souls, to be offered for sale to monsters in human shape, to men who heed God's law no more than they "glorifying themselves and living luxuriously," saying in their hearts, "I sit as a queen, I am no widow, I shall see no sorrow." "Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, mourning, and famine, for strong is the Lord God that judgeth her." "The fruits thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, all that is dainty and goodly has departed from thee;" and

thy nefarious traffic in slaves has departed from thee, which was thy great revenue. Many will cry out, "Alas! for that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones, and pearls," procured by the slave trade, "for in one hour is so great riches come to nought." As of old, many will "cast dust on their heads, weeping and wailing," while the "light of a candle shall be no more seen in thee," lighted up by the abomination of slavery; "neither the voice of the bridegroom, nor that of the bride," decked with the proceeds arising from twenty to twenty-two hours of unrequited toil from the poor, hard-driven, down-trodden slaves, while their sighs went up to Heaven, with every passing gale, in prayer deep and low for deliverance from the barbarism of those who required this of them; the air being tainted with the pestilential breath of slavery, from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the very ends of the earth. But thanks be to the great Author of all good, in that our land is now the land of liberty, and America an asylum for the oppressed.

May we now and ever adopt this motto,

ALL HAIL TO THE LAND OF THE FREE!

MEMOIR
OF
DOCTOR JOHN WILSON MOORE.
BY
GEORGE TRUMAN, M.D.

DOCTOR JOHN WILSON MOORE.

THE memory of those with whom we have had frequent intercourse, and whose qualities of mind endeared them to us, seem to call after their departure from our midst, for some proof that, in their labors and walk in life, we remembered and honored them because of their devotion to truth; to their endeavors for the improvement of their race; to their warm charities dispensed with liberal hand; to the general good which, like a light, shone continually about them, giving proof that they were way-marks for others,—“As a city, set upon a hill, which cannot be hid.”

It is with such feelings that we portray the life of Doctor John Wilson Moore, believing that a recurrence to some of the circumstances connected with his earthly pilgrimage, may be the means of promoting like action in others.

He was born in Talbot County, on the Eastern

Shore of Maryland, twelfth month, 17th, 1789. His parents were Robert and Mary Wilson Moore. His father emigrated in 1783 from Ireland in his younger life, and settled in that part of Maryland. Having been bred a physician, he engaged in the practice of his profession in the neighborhood of Easton, where the subject of our memoir passed his earlier life. There was nothing strikingly peculiar that marked the period of his youth other than a sweet and an amiable disposition, which endeared him to those of every class with whom he mingled.

In 1807 he entered the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia, as a pupil of medicine; it being the custom at that time to receive such, for instruction in that institution. During this novitiate he pursued his studies, attending to the duties assigned him in the hospital, as well as the usual courses of lectures at the University, where he graduated with honor about the year 1812. After this he was appointed one of the resident physicians of the hospital. From this period his professional success realized his expectations. Naturally of an affable disposition, the bedside of the sick tended to improve it; and few among his fellow-practitioners exhibited more of that

tender regard and kindly interest which so much attracts the patient, and induce almost unlimited confidence.

In consequence of this he became a favorite in many families as a "beloved physician." His politeness seemed peculiarly his own. It was not imitation, but grew out of an innate sense of the proprieties of demeanor in the sick chamber, and in social intercourse, which ever made his presence agreeable. It was the politeness of the true Christian, and showed itself equally the same to all, no matter what their position in life. This manner attached him to many from the belief of its sincerity, and of its growth out of a pure heart; hence, every one was made easy in his presence, and was prepared to look to him as counsellor and friend.

In the year 1813 (tenth month, 6th), he married Mary Lewis, the daughter of Mordecai and Hannah Lewis, of Philadelphia. After this event they established their residence in Spruce Street, near Third, where they remained up to the year 1864, about fifty years. A few years after his marriage, his devotion to his professional duties appeared to have an undermining effect upon his constitution, and evidences were apparent of pul-

monary disease. Believing that he might remove this by proper treatment, he temporarily surrendered his practice, and leaving his home, commenced a system of horseback-riding, and exposure to the free air of the country—by which judicious course in a few months, a change was effected, with his entire recovery; when he returned to his family and friends renewedly prepared to encounter the anxieties of medical life. This recovery appeared permanent from that time, as we hear no more of a similar condition of his system. His practice continued to increase largely from this period, and we find him closely attentive to its various duties, ever keeping in view the necessity of his standing constantly ready to meet the calls of those who might need his aid or counsel. His honorable care in this respect, was met by a corresponding feeling of regard from those in charge, as many testimonials of their esteem and appreciation of his skill were furnished from time to time, showing how deeply he had impressed their minds by his truly Christian regard, as well as for his matured abilities in his profession.

In the year 1816, in her sixtieth year, his mother, Mary Moore, departed this life. The

impress of the purity and loveliness of this amiable woman was evidently largely visible in the character of the son. She was one who was held in high esteem among her friends and neighbors, as is evinced by testimonials to her worth and excellence, both from her monthly and quarterly meetings, as well as from those who were not of the Society of Friends. She was a minister in the Society for about nine years; her first appearance occurring about her fifty-first year. In this, her calling, she appeared to be highly appreciated, giving evidence that she was led by a Spirit which was qualified to dispense in due season the consolations of that Gospel which ever promotes the growth, comfort, and edification of all who may come within the outspreading of its life and power.

During the period between the years 1825 and 1827, his mind was deeply impressed with the difficulties which were then growing in the Society of Friends, and which seemed sooner or later, to look towards a surrender of that religious freedom which had so conspicuously marked the Society from its rise, or an entire separation from the discordant elements which were then assuming power and dictation.

Having been early grounded in the simple

faith of the Society, with the enjoyment of its enlarged freedom, he was not disposed to surrender that liberty, nor that faith which had been his blessed reliance, without a struggle, or to enter upon doubtful disputations on doctrines heretofore unknown to the body of Friends, or to embrace opinions simply because they were fostered and forced upon timid minds, by those whom their confidence had placed in authority in the church.

Trusting in the moving principle of Divine Truth in the soul, he clung closely to it, and awaited its direction, nothing doubting but that there would be a safe and an abiding place found for all those who would, in humility, look for the overturning hand of Him who seemed now ready to cleanse His tabernacle, and to separate the dead opinionist from the living child who could only look to the one Head, the Holy and True Father, for daily support and right instruction. At this time we therefore find him in connection with the many Friends, who felt themselves bound to the testimony which their fathers had borne, in connection with their own individual experiences of the manifestations of that inward light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and which they believed stood separate and apart

from any conventional rule or words of doctrine, many of which were now brought forward as truth which had been unknown, or unheard of in the Society, as a bond of union.

His extended sympathy in the direction he now took, with his firmness in counsel and general aid, were useful and encouraging, and tended to strengthen many in the position they felt themselves bound to maintain before the world.

In these movements he never failed, or gave evidence through life that he had mistaken his true position, but on the contrary, he appeared to grow in this grace, and in this saving knowledge, often imparting to his friends in social intercourse and otherwise, his faith and firm dependence thereon, being enabled at times to add strength to others from the clearness of the impressions made upon his understanding.

In his services among Friends as a member concerned for the health and welfare of the Society, he was faithful to his convictions, and, when questions of interest and importance were under examination he ever showed himself ready to look at things with an eye to the right advancement of the church, and the strength and comfort of all. In expression he was courteous and con-

ciliatory, and often showed that he was moved by true wisdom in the formation of his judgment.

When it was proposed in 1833 to divide the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, held on Cherry Street, for the establishment of another Monthly Meeting at Ninth and Spruce Streets, our beloved friend was prominent in the movement, and aided the measure to its accomplishment. His connection with this meeting continued for a number of years.

In first month, 1855, his wife, Mary Lewis, departed this life; a woman of quiet and retiring spirit. The sanctuary of home was her delight, there, she mainly worshipped, and exhibited the kindness of her heart by her attentions to their relatives and friends. This close retirement of his wife had in some measure an influence upon her husband, and although at this period he may have mingled less in general society than might have seemed desirable to some; yet, his usefulness in many directions was in nowise diminished, while those familiar with him, were often enabled to realize the force and value of his exemplary life, and to enjoy the loving genialities of his mind.

By his marriage with Mary Lewis they had one child—a daughter, who claimed and received

the parental love and interest in its fulness. In the year 1833 she was married to Joshua Jenkins, of Philadelphia, by which connection, a grandson was added to their family circle. During the infancy of this grandchild, she sickened and died, to the solemn grief of her husband and parents, and of all who stood connected with her, whether in the near family relation, or in that of friendship. With all, she was honored and loved, and her departure from the midst of her friends was felt to be a deep and weighty bereavement. This great sorrow falling upon our beloved friend and his companion, was submitted to by them with much Christian philosophy; while time, the healer of many breaches, brought with it calmness and resignation, with a firmer position upon that Rock, from which, no storm or tempest can remove.

On the 17th of seventh month, 1856, he entered into the marriage covenant with Rachel Wilson Barker, of Poughkeepsie, New York, a Friend and Minister, well known to the Society, and greatly esteemed. Joining her husband at his residence in Philadelphia, she became a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends, of Philadelphia, held on Spruce Street. This mar-

riage appeared to afford much satisfaction to both, although it induced considerable change in his general course of life. The religious engagements of his wife, led her frequently from home in their fulfilment, in which services he felt bound to assist, and afford her all the aid his sympathetic mind could extend. On such an occasion in 1858 he accompanied her through parts of Illinois, Michigan, Upper and Lower Canada and of New York, the journey occupying several months in its accomplishment. The exposure incident to this journey had an injurious effect upon his health, and we find him returning an invalid, from which he did not recover until after a severe illness, being placed at times in a very critical condition. In this season of trial he manifested great composure, feeling at times the supporting power of that Presence, which alone is able to preserve in the deepest privations and conflicts. Recovering from this serious illness, he entered, as had been his wont, into the various duties devolving upon him as the head of a family, and assisting his beloved companion in the fulfilment of her religious engagements; largely devoting himself with her, to the amelioration of the condition of the many poor who

had ever found in him a firm, liberal and sympathizing friend.

In 1857 circumstances occurred which led them to believe it would be best to remove their certificates from Spruce Street Monthly Meeting, and connect themselves with Green Street Monthly Meeting, of Philadelphia. This was effected to their satisfaction, and he continued a member of that Meeting the remainder of his life.

Some time after this removal, believing it would be right, they made a visit to Great Britain, travelling through England, Scotland, Ireland, and through parts of Germany and France. During this journey, although much enjoyment was experienced in the examination of the scenery and objects of interest which those countries afford, yet our beloved friend had often to wade through many deep and weighty trials of mind, in witnessing that disposition among Friends of England and Ireland, that he had so often to deplore in his own city and country, during the period of the disagreements which grew up in the Society, and culminated in a separation in 1827.

His endeared companion felt her mind, at times, drawn to meet with Friends in their

places of worship, and with others, and, when there, to open up truths and testimonies dear to her, and believed to be in consonance with the well-known doctrines and principles of the Society of Friends, as proclaimed and spread before the people of her own country.

The attendance of the meetings of Friends was opposed, and measures taken to thwart those which might be proposed to be held among those not of the Society. These mistaken and misdirected efforts of zeal sorely tried and afflicted his tender spirit; but perceiving the supporting power of Infinite Goodness still near and mindful of them, he was encouraged to hold up the hands of his tried companion in that which she had undertaken, and we find them returning from their tour with renewed health, and with peace of mind, to the joy of their many friends at home.

The condition of the people of color often brought him into much exercise of mind, and in company with his wife, he was found engaged religiously and otherwise, in the endeavor to ameliorate and improve their position as citizens of our common country; their rights, as such, he deeming valid and as sacred as those claimed by the white inhabitants.

In 1859, in company with his wife, he visited

the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. In the Lower Province he located a school, a few miles from Chatham, near the "King's Highway," for the children of the colored people, refugees from Southern slavery, who are largely settled in that section of the country.

The settlement of this school grew out of the earnest concern and interest felt by his second mother, Esther Moore, for this deeply injured race, who, claiming the right, had fled from slavery to this place of safety, where, under the protection and guidance of the Colonial laws, they had the opportunity to develop themselves into useful and intelligent citizens. To aid this, she had bequeathed an endowment for a school, which our beloved friend hastened to carry into effect, and was enabled to accomplish it to his entire satisfaction.

In 1861, the settlement and school were again visited, and the school found in a favorable condition, giving promise of present and future good. His interest in its welfare continued unabated during the remainder of his life.

Esther Moore, the second wife of his father, was a woman of most excellent qualities, loving in spirit; her generous heart was often touched

with tenderness for the suffering classes of her race, and, so far as she was able, labored earnestly for their advancement into higher positions of intelligence and usefulness. For the colored people, especially, she worked steadfastly and faithfully. Endowed with considerable ability to express herself, she was not wanting in making known to her friends and others what was agitating her own mind in behalf of the suffering and the dumb. Through a long life she never failed to manifest her zeal; and, as above stated, in regard to the colored school in Canada, she left that as a memorial of the deep convictions of duty which had, through good and evil report, in season and out of season, been stirring her inward life to plead the cause of these poor, and to induce other minds to perform an equal part with her in lifting them up to a position of equality, before the law, with their fellow-citizens.

During the early part of the war of the Rebellion, in the winter of 1862-3, his wife, suffering severely from laryngeal disease, it was deemed advisable for her to pass the winter months in a warmer and less variable climate. With this view a voyage was undertaken to the West In-

dies, where they remained until the opening of the following summer.

During their absence they visited several of the Islands,—Cuba, St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, Barbadoes, Trinidad, extending their visit to Demerara, in British Guiana. In these several visits they occasionally had meetings with the colored inhabitants, which appear, from their accounts, to have been acceptable services, and brought, in the effort, comfort to themselves. In this visit an opportunity was had, upon the British and Danish Islands, to investigate the condition of the freed people; and although they did not find them, in all places, as far advanced as they had anticipated, nor the prejudices of the white inhabitants sufficiently removed to render them full justice and care, as to educational and other measures in which their pecuniary interests were involved, yet the evidence was conclusive that freedom to them had been, and would continue to be, as it has ever been to all people, a great blessing.

On their return they found our country still engaged in the same fearful and deadly strife. Designing men throughout the cotton-growing States had determined, if possible, to dismember

the government, or overthrow it, and a war of rebellion of the most heinous character was being enacted for that purpose mainly, and to establish the system of slavery, as a permanency, throughout the nation. The effort, however, failed, after a struggle of four long and bloody years, in which many terrible battles were fought. Thousands were slain in these sanguinary conflicts, and many severely injured. The whole land mourned during these awful struggles, because of these deeds of death and sacrifice of so many valuable lives. In the spring of 1865, every effort on the part of the slaveholders having failed, their country reduced to almost abject destitution, they surrendered at discretion, and with this, slavery, for which they had risked so much, against which a moral warfare had been waged for many years, fell forever.

During these fearful and deadly conflicts our beloved friend was often found in weighty thoughtfulness. The principles which governed his own mind, and which he believed to be in harmony with the great Teacher of Nazareth, he discovered were mainly unknown or unheeded by the people around him. He who came to preach peace, and not a sword; freedom, and not

slavery; although owned as a leader, and regarded as a Saviour, was, nevertheless, forgotten in the present trial. Those who claimed to be His disciples hesitated not to engage in the fiercest battles, and to encourage all to follow in their footsteps. These great and appalling movements among his countrymen gave our dear friend anxious and earnest concern. His love of country was sincere. Freedom was dear to him. But the love of those great principles of eternal truth, infused into his soul by the all-wise Author of his being, was above and beyond all other things, and in this he found realized to himself that which could embrace all as brethren. In this, too, he was responding to the fundamental testimonies of his own religious society; and for the preservation of these, his spirit yearned that they might be appreciated, upheld, and maintained.

The many wounded, and sufferers from disease, that were brought from the armies and battle-fields, and were placed in the military hospitals in and around the city of Philadelphia, largely excited his commiseration, and we find him exerting himself, in company with his beloved companion, for their relief and comfort.

The tenderness of his spirit, and the loving manner through which his sympathies were accustomed to flow out towards the afflicted by disease, enabled him to approach these injured men, to the gladdening of their hearts, and the infusing of a belief, that, although separated from their families and friends, they were not forgotten in the hour of their desolation and distress.

In the proclamation of emancipation put forth by President Lincoln, he was deeply interested. His sympathy for the poor slave had ever been earnest; the breaking of his shackles, a subject of many prayers; and now, as these were about being answered, and the freedom of the bondman prospectively secured, it afforded him a pure and a holy joy. This proclamation produced a new era, with a new adaptation of language, and new themes for thought and labor in our country. The "freedman," as now called, stood out before the people, claiming help and asking for education and all the appliances which liberty, in her own right, could give, and which, being theirs, might enable them to take their places in this their new birth as citizens of our common country. In all this our beloved friend brought

his wisdom and his means liberally into use. We find him promoting "Freedmen's Associations," designed to help these poor in any and every way which, after judicious investigation, seemed to promise success.

To the free people of color in our city he ever extended help and encouragement. For the breaking down of the odious feeling of caste he labored faithfully; calling, at times, under concern, upon those having charge of the passenger railways, in respect to the cruel treatment exercised toward them, by excluding them from participating in the common use and benefit of the cars. He felt the evil and inconsistency of this; for while we were professing to rejoice in the downfall of slavery, we were, in an assumed enlightened community, acting counter in a petty and puerile manner towards this deeply injured people.

After his return from the West Indies, he purchased a dwelling-house and grounds, in Germantown, to which they removed in 1864. It was with some reluctance that he left his old mansion, in Spruce Street, which he had occupied so many years, and where he had passed hours of joy, as well as some of sorrow. But

circumstances of health seemed to point to the necessity of the change, and when it was accomplished, he appeared to enjoy it as a variation from close city life. He could now engage occasionally in gardening, which he appeared to enjoy with zest and cheerfulness, believing it would be valuable as a promoter of health. However this may have been for a time, we find him in the early part of the summer of 1865, seriously and alarmingly attacked by disease, which, in its characteristics, resembled a chronic affection, which had been a distress to him, occasionally, for many years. This fact led his anxious friends to believe that he might again recover, as he had at times previous; but in this all were disappointed. His sickness was often deeply distressing, and towards the close, attended with extreme pain, all which, however, he bore with Christian patience and fortitude, giving the clearest assurance that his peace with his Heavenly Father was made, saying, "I see nothing in my way like a cloud, and had I my time to live over again, I do not know that I should be likely to improve it." Saying further, "If I ever missed my way, or found I was wrong, repentance has always brought forgiveness." His

bedside was a school of instruction in witnessing the meekness of his spirit. His close was calm and peaceful,—his countenance beaming with love and sweetness. Thus he departed, we trust to enter that habitation which has been prepared for all those who have sought, found, and honored the one eternal principle on which all life is based.

In thus presenting the character and labors through life of our beloved friend, it will be noticed that no remarkably striking event is delineated in which to show any peculiar trait or bent of his mind, further than his large benevolence; his amiableness of manners; his devotion to principles which he had embraced from conviction; his watchful guardianship of those under his care; his attention in sustaining and encouraging faithfulness to religious duties; his sympathy with the afflicted and suffering, and efforts to relieve; his patience and fortitude when under trial, with his firm dependence on the Divine guidance in all his movements; and his final reliance upon that all-disposing Power in the closing hours of his existence. All these may seem to be traits of character that are common to many; yet, when the aggregate is presented,

they form a whole life admirably fitted to show the working of that inner sense of truth and government, which alone flows from the Fountain of all wisdom and knowledge, and qualifies man to become a true servant in the dispensing of blessings on the pathway in which he is called to tread. We cannot doubt that, in thus fulfilling his mission on earth, the blessedness of a higher and a more glorious life is his,—the invitation being extended to all such laborers, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.”

He departed this life on the twenty-fifth day of the sixth month, 1865, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and was interred in Friends’ Burial-ground, at Fair Hill. Previous to which, a large number of his friends and neighbors were gathered in a solemn meeting, and testimonies delivered therein, showing the operation of the Divine principle as reflected in his life and conversation, with a call for others to be found equally faithful to manifested duty.

PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth month, 1st, 1865.





